THE ENGLISH REVIEW

VOLUME XLV

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1927

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
JULY, 1927

Correspondence

"Noo Yawk"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—The letter in your May issue by Mr. Barker, an Englishman residing in New York City, deserves a few words of comment. In spite of his imposing statement that I have been guilty of "The Great Stupidity" in criticizing New York and New Yorkers adversely, he doesn't make much of a case against me. In fact, he rather admits that I saw some of the failings of his adopted city. And if it is to be guilty of "The Great Stupidity" to criticize New York, I am thrown into the august company of Charles Dickens, whose criticisms of New Yorkers were so fundamentally sound that they are as true today as when he penned "Martin Chuzzlewit." Americans are not averse to criticizing Great Britain. Their writers are constantly twisting the British lion's tail. The recent Mayoralty election in Chicago was fought and won largely on an anti-English campaign. More recently we have the case of Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the United States Treasury, indulging in a most mischievous criticism of Britain's war debt position, and when challenged he crawls into a hole and pulls the hole in after him, so to speak.

I repeat that the Almighty Dollar rules New York City. I mean by this that the average New Yorker makes a positive vulgarity and vice of money-making. I can tolerate a man who is acquisitive and penurious, if he keeps his mouth shut about it. The trouble with New Yorkers is that they are feverishly acquisitive, and they make a noisy, unbearable fetish of their major vice.

I like some of the characteristics of New Yorkers—their surface friendliness, their optimism, and good nature, for instance—but I know that they are superficial, and interested in themselves only. They have no humility. Nature has blessed them with an almost self-sustaining country, and the war made them the richest and most comfortable people on earth, yet they explain it all by talking constantly about "American initiative," "American efficiency," "American industry," etc., *ad nauseam*. That hokum doesn't go down my Scotch throat; I have travelled too widely in the United States to swallow it.

Yours, etc., J. H. MCCULLOCH.

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by

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Anti-feminism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In the June number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, Mr. Ludovici treats us to another exposition of some of his anti-feminist views. But before we accept him in his rôle of Cassandra prophesying to an unheeding generation, may we not question his complaint that we have no goal ahead of us and are drifting we know not whither, and the implied assumption that he alone is capable of clear thinking and a teleological view of politics?

Mr. Ludovici's thesis in the article published by you is briefly summed up in his own words as follows: "A large and most important department of human life is dependent upon the hearty and voluntary concurrence of the female with Nature's plan. The female, however, can only give her hearty approval to the scheme, and play her part in it efficiently and well, if her emotional equipment is unimpaired." Her emotional equipment will be impaired, he maintains, if we give her the political training essential to a judicious using of the vote.

This, however, is unconvincing. It is an unsupported and obscure statement in which Mr. Ludovici does not explain what he understands either by "Nature"—that most loosely used of words—or by the "emotional equipment of the female." In his "Woman, a Vindication," however, in which he elaborates the point of view expressed in your pages, he is more explicit. In this work, because he can show that woman's sexual equipment is much more complicated and extensive than a man's, it follows, he concludes, that its utilization must be the single object of her life. He attempts to convince us that woman is an animal completely devoid of any intellectual apparatus and merely endowed with the instincts requisite for the attainment of her bodily necessities. In a sweeping generalization, such as, when used by his opponents, it is amusing to find him condemning in his later article, he says that all normal women—his peculiar use of the word "normal" will be referred to later—are constantly distinguished by "duplicity and an indifference to truth, lack of taste, vulgarity, love of petty power, vanity and sensuality." Woman has no artistic or scientific sense, but "constantly and consciously avoids those things that bear the hall-mark of cultivation or refinement or careful selection, in order deliberately to pursue, select, value and cherish those that bear the stamp of coarseness, brutality and baseness." Needless to say, it is not apparent that these assertions are based upon any more scientific evidence than Mr. Ludovici's personal opinion and a few sentences culled from Mánu or Rousseau.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ludovici tells us, woman (for whom, in what he considers her normal and desirable character, he professes—a little surprisingly—a passionate admiration) is capable of *developing* the higher virtues which, in his opinion, were intended by Nature to be exclusively masculine. She can *become* honest, dispassionate, reasonable, just. But what happens if she does? She immediately ceases

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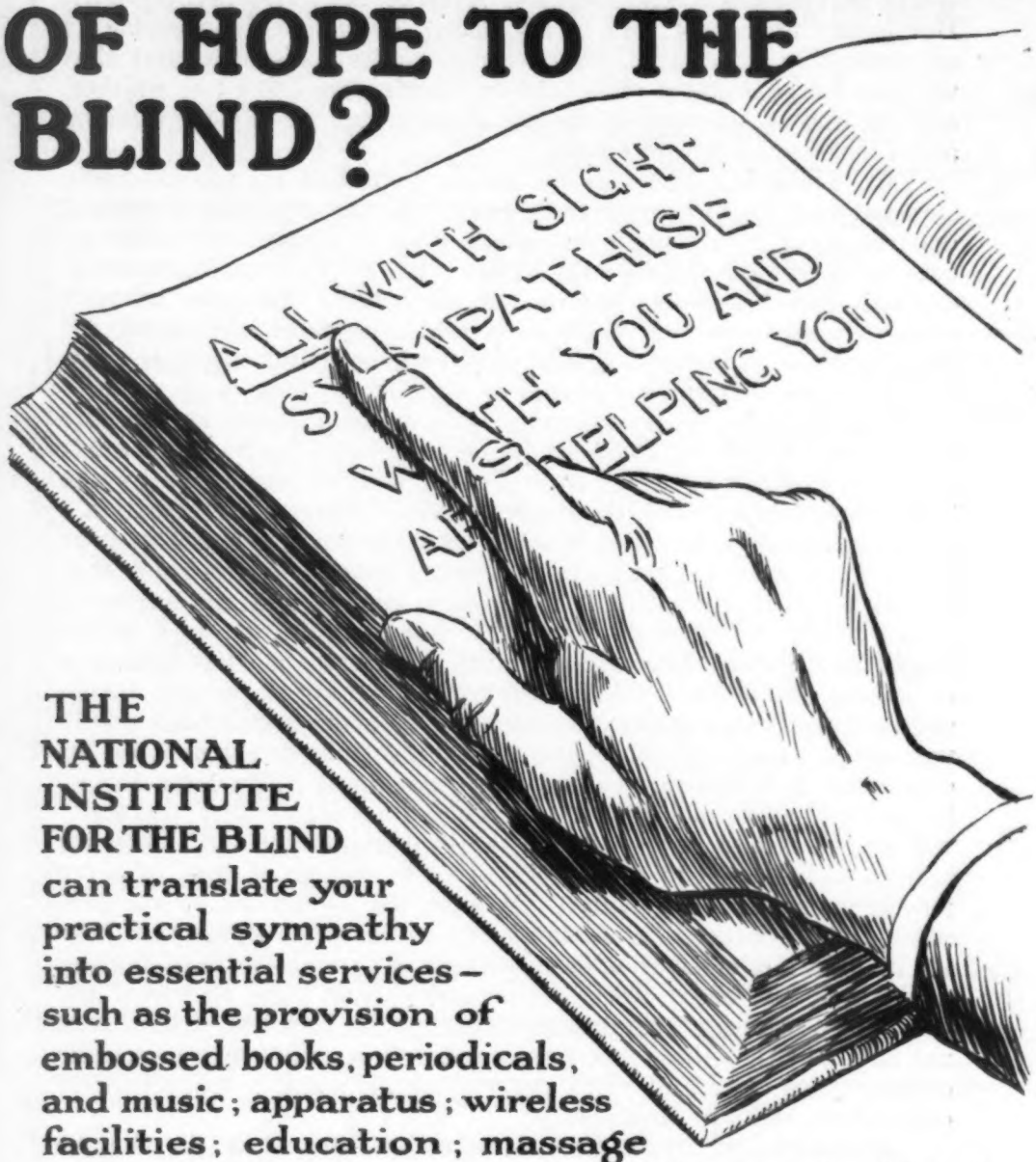

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to fulfil her functions as a wife and a mother. With the attributes which Mr. Ludovici ascribes to her, it is difficult to see how she can ever have fulfilled these satisfactorily, but it is still more difficult to see why her intellectual and moral improvement would be an unmitigated calamity. Does Mr. Ludovici explain why an honest woman cannot attract a husband, bear children and bring them up? He does not.

Nor does Mr. Ludovici seem to consider that the potentiality in women for moral and intellectual development—which he admits—may produce an instinctive desire for it. To him, a woman who shows any instincts besides the purely animal ones he allows her, is abnormal, and all such abnormal people, even if they are the numerical majority and are not otherwise harmful, are to be suppressed. His suggestion for the amelioration of society is that all professions, and primarily the teaching profession, should be closed to women, and that they should be designed for matrimony alone.

His suggestion, were it not ludicrous in its unpracticability, would be cruel because of the hardship its adoption would inflict on the numbers of women who, whether abnormal or not, derive financial advantages from their work and, what is more, take a harmless delight in it. But as Mr. Ludovici declares that he is animated purely by a passionate love and admiration for women, he cannot admit that he is cruel. Consequently he is forced to say that the bulk of women do not desire feminism. Why then has feminism come? Mr. Ludovici has a variety of contradictory explanations.

One is that feminist activities are the outcome, not of a reasoned—women cannot reason—but of a subconscious appreciation of man's degeneracy. And then follows—what is essential for this argument—a series of unsupported statements in Mr. Ludovici's usual style, to illustrate man's degeneracy. Another is that feminism is the creation of the spinsters, or, as in the article in your pages, of the sexless females in the world, who are attempting to make their own passionless natures the criterion of the desirable. Finally, he tells us that feminism is the creation of man himself—a creation, he says in one place, of two hundred and fifty years' standing (the motive is not specified and the date appears purely arbitrary), provided with a "sudden access of strength" by J. S. Mill.

In these self-destructive theories there appears to be one common characteristic. They all attempt to make out that feminism is a movement forced by a minority on an unwilling majority. Now, in the light of history is this likely? When before, it may be asked, in the history of mankind has any universal movement for emancipation been embarked upon for the benefit of a hostile community at the instigation of the abnormal and the political theorists? Surely we all know that changes do not occur in this way, and that widely accepted doctrines—and no one could assert more vehemently than Mr. Ludovici the wide acceptance which feminism has received—are rather the expression than the creation of popular sentiment. For though it is true that the majority of a people never consciously or articulately desire a change until a vigorous minority has convinced them of its desirability, it is equally true that no minority, however

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vigorous, can long prevail against the will of a people. Mr. Ludovici might as well tell us that the French Revolution of the eighteenth century was the outcome of Rousseau's theories of the natural rights of man, or that the progress towards democracy which this country has witnessed in the last hundred years is the creation of such theorists as Bentham and Mill with their belief in the enlightened self-interest of the individual.

It is surely more logical, both in the light of past history and the feminist movement itself, to see in feminism the culmination of what has been described as the "dumb and age-long protest of the weaker against the stronger sex," a protest dating from the words of Euripides' *Medea*: "Of all beings born to life and intelligence we women are the most unhappy," to the more specific complaints of Mary Wollstonecraft; a protest which has at last become an articulate aspiration towards self-development and the benefit of a "career open to the talents." For though we agree with Mr. Ludovici that sex plays a much more important part in the life of most women than it does in that of most men, we fail to see why those in whom it does not play this large part, or even those in whom it does, should forcibly be denied all other outlet for ambitions and abilities which undeniably exist.

As for the "flapper vote," this is the logical outcome not merely of feministic but of democratic ideas and is clearly open to objection (or applause) on both grounds. Mr. Ludovici, however, is content only to oppose it on the first, believing that we shall be able to educate women to exercise it entirely in accordance with reason and not at all in accordance with passion. He thus confidently, though disconsolately, awaits the disappearance of what Aristotle considered democracy's chief evil. We wish that we could share his confidence in this respect.

Yours, etc.,

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Conservatives and Agriculture

By Ernest Remnant

A FEW weeks ago the quidnuncs were busily predicting a dissolution in the autumn and a heavy reduction in the Conservative majority; or, alternatively, if the present Parliament runs its full course, the return of a Labour government, with or without Liberal co-operation. Now political gossips are of two kinds, equally untrustworthy. One craves for change without which tittle-tattle would run dry. The other uses rumour as a weapon. It costs nothing, not even responsibility. It spreads itself. It can encourage partisans and dishearten the more timid of their opponents. I will venture no predictions as to the date or result of the next election. But I can discern no present reason for supposing that the Government will substantially curtail its legal term of office, or that defeatist forecasts should be regarded as anything but Liberal-Labour propaganda. An autumn dissolution could be dictated by nothing but sheer opportunism, and, apart from the fact that it would be an unpardonable tactical blunder from every point of view, Mr. Baldwin is not a gambler. Both the Liberals and the Socialists have been bitterly disappointed in their hopes of discrediting the Government over the Trades Disputes Bill and the break with the Soviet. Liberal opposition has been transparently partisan and insincere. The Socialist demonstrations have been froth and noise. Neither has gained any sympathy, while the Government policy is either enthusiastically or tacitly approved by the vast majority of sober opinion throughout the country. The strongest criticism of its persistence in chasing illusions in China has been made in THE ENGLISH REVIEW. But, troops having been sent out, there are some grounds for hoping that time and facts are having their usual dissolvent effect, and that the end of fatuous concession to adventurers and criminals is in sight. The hysterical condemnation by the Socialists, and the half-

hearted criticism by the Liberals, of the decision to dispatch troops have been completely confounded by the event. Thus, on a third major issue, a national plebiscite would overwhelmingly endorse the action of the Government. Mr. Neville Chamberlain's record in the fields of Housing, Poor Law Reform, and checking dishonest municipal extravagance bulks heavily on the credit side of the Government balance sheet, and is beyond the reach of any more responsible critic than Mr. Oswald Mosley. In their either feeble, dishonest, or frankly revolutionary attitude toward the General Strike the Socialists presented the Government with the votes of millions of electors who, in a muddle-headed sort of way, had sympathized with the "under dog" and imagined that he would always come to heel and behave nicely at the whistle of such well-meaning and professed lovers of constitutional order as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Clynes. The strike opened their eyes to the unpleasant fact that in a crisis the "constitutional" leaders counted not at all against the malign influence of the hysterical revolutionary Cook. Whence, then, comes the menace that is to sweep away the massive majority of two hundred, with its record of sound and solid achievement, and place its discredited critics in power? Not, assuredly, from the machinations of its enemies, even in combination, if that were really possible. That a furtive combination will be attempted, and in some degree effected, is certain. But the fraud will carry its own penalty and detach the remnant of honest electors in the Liberal party who have not yet been nauseated by the tricks of Mr. Lloyd George, or depressed by the dreary sterilities of Sir Herbert Samuel.

Far be it from me to suggest that the Conservative party has nothing to fear from that mysterious enemy of all majorities, the swing of the pendulum. I wish only to make the point that on its record of performance the Government has gained confidence as continuously as the opposition has lost it. If the natural consequence can be nullified by the pendulum alone, democracy must be nearing the end of its useful tether.

Political memory is short and political gratitude shorter still. The result of a General Election in 1929 may, therefore, be more influenced by future events

than by the record of today. During the remainder of its term the Government will be better advised to aim at consolidating the confidence of its own natural supporters rather than placating its natural enemies, who will so remain despite any bribes. The first requisite for the ability to inspire confidence is to possess it. The Government should return after the summer vacation in very good fettle indeed. If it shivered rather long on the brink of the Trade Unions Bill and the break with Russia, it finally took the plunge in good style and found the water much less cold than it expected. It has gained an invaluable reinforcement of its numerical majority—initiative, ascendancy, prestige. People like to be led when they recognize a leader. Some of the questions that demand attention during the life of the present Parliament will call for all the qualities of leadership, including courage. First amongst them I should place agriculture. Not only is its preservation a national duty, it is a vital national necessity. The Conservative party both by tradition and the specific pledge of Mr. Baldwin at the last election is bound in honour to find some real measure of help before a large proportion of our best farmers are broken in the bankruptcy court and most of our arable land is converted to pasture. Promise after promise has been broken, and they are mocked with fantastic schemes of actual or virtual nationalization, bureaucratic control by amateur political busybodies, and State-aided credits, as useless to an unsound industry as they would be needless to a healthy one. The futility of the Liberal and Labour land policies was exposed in THE ENGLISH REVIEW by Sir John Green in March last. I will waste no words upon them. Under the democratic system of rule by majority vote the real interests of the majority are in as great danger from ignorance as the rights of a minority from apathy or selfishness of the mass. There is, unhappily, little evidence that the industrialized town population of Great Britain has either understanding of, or sympathy with, the industry of agriculture. Demoralized by anxiety as to votes, Conservatives have vied with Liberals and Socialists in repudiating the possibility of any form of tax on food. The possibility that a readjustment of certain taxes might advantage, not agriculturists alone,

but the nation as a whole, has hardly begun to penetrate the general intelligence; still less the idea that even a small sacrifice may be a national duty. For many years I have consistently advocated both these points of view. In December 1923, I wrote in THE ENGLISH REVIEW:

"Agriculture stands in a class by itself and would demand consideration in regard to Protection, even if there were no thought of protecting any other industry.

"No nation can survive which has not its roots in the soil. The health and physique of a people depend absolutely upon the maintenance of a large agricultural population. It is, indeed, the national reservoir of health. A thoroughly healthy Londoner cannot be found whose blood has not been renewed within three generations from the country. The country breeds bone and sinew and muscle without that excessive development of nerves which is the curse of urban populations. The agricultural workers, the industry, and the land constitute the basic and the most important part of the State. Their ruin would be a mortal blow to the nation.

"There is, moreover, this fundamental difference between agriculture and every other industry, except perhaps coal, that, while if one industry declines, or dies, its place may be taken by another, there is no substitute for agriculture. Its last fate might be cattle ranching on a large scale, with a miserable minimum of labour. In a preface to a pamphlet by Mr. V. A. Malcolmson, Chairman, Agricultural Section, British Empire Producers' Organization, entitled *The Place of Agriculture in the Life of a Nation*,* Lord Milner wrote: 'Unless we are prepared to make a serious and sustained effort to preserve it, agriculture in Great Britain seems doomed to progressive decadence. But to acquiesce in the decay of agriculture is to court national disaster.'

"Yet the preservation of the source of national health is not the only advantage which we should derive from the support of the agricultural industry by means of a protective tariff. It is certain that if it be allowed to fall into decay, the land will be unable to contribute its present quota to rates and taxes, while the home market, which it is the aim of the Government's safe-

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guarding policy to preserve for home industries, will suffer serious loss. It is extremely doubtful, as Mr. Malcolmson shows, whether a small revenue duty on wheat which would result in keeping half a million workers on the land need raise the price of the loaf at all; but even if it did, the immediate national gain would be unquestionable, while the difference, if any, could be counterbalanced by the reduction in taxation generally and in the duties on tea, cocoa, coffee, etc. Such a tariff policy, moreover, affords the chance of giving that preference to the Dominions which they are seeking and for which, in return, they would probably be willing to make some advance toward the ideal of inter-Imperial Free Trade. . . There is no doubt whatever that agriculture needs help of some sort if it is to survive. If help is to be extended in the form of subsidies, it would be infinitely better to transfer some of the duties now placed upon non-competitive commodities, such as tea and cocoa, to wheat and barley.

"The one clear case for a tariff, whether it results in a slight increase of prices or not, is agriculture—the one industry which it is proposed to exclude from tariffs. To give it a dole, or bounty, or whatever it may be called, is to evade a logical obligation."

I do not underrate the difficulties and the dangers of submitting to the electorate a policy certain to be denounced with ingenious dishonesty by both sections of the Opposition and to alarm those timid Conservatives whose concern for votes outweighs their faith in principles. But if the conscience and the perception of the party be once aroused to the necessity of saving agriculture, the will should not be lacking to find the way.

"We must educate our masters," said Robert Lowe, in 1870.

Actual experience of the Safeguarding of Industries Act as, for instance, applied to motor-cars and tyres has had a greater effect upon public opinion than twenty years of academic debate. We have a prosperous industry, giving greatly increased employment, yielding large taxes, a useful revenue from import duties, largely increased exports, and lower home prices than ever before. Doctrinaire theorists find these facts inconvenient. Urgent as are the needs of agriculture, the process of

economic education must be gradual. In the first instance, the only duty imposed might be the often-promised one on malting barley, not strictly a food. But a safeguarding measure for potatoes might be experimentally adopted, as I advocated in THE ENGLISH REVIEW of January 1925:

"The cost of production of tyres or typewriters, and the relative advantage of home manufacture and free imports may be purely a question of figures. But in a dangerously over-urbanized country importing two-thirds of its food there are vital considerations, other than those of simple accounting, which point to the necessity of arresting the decline of the agricultural industry. Although most of our town population is supremely indifferent to the fate of agriculture, no thoughtful person can believe that the gradual transformation of our arable land to grass, with a consequent reduction of the agricultural population by probably two-thirds of its normal numbers, is not a serious menace to the health, stability and character of the nation.

"Potatoes, although one of our most important staple foods, are a crop which in many parts of the country involve a risk of such serious and frequent loss to the farmer that he may be excused for regarding them as a gamble, with the odds against him.

"The reason is simple, and likely to be permanent unless protective measures are taken. Whenever there is a good crop here, there is usually a large surplus on the Continent, which can be dumped in the Thames and at other ports, and sold at prices which would not pay for the cost of digging and transport of our home-grown crops. Excluding the more expensive early potatoes from the Channel Islands, Portugal and the Canaries, most of these foreign potatoes are of decidedly inferior quality to our own, and, notwithstanding the low prices which they realize on our wholesale markets, they are retailed at a price not much, if any, below that which would at least cover the cost of our home production with a reasonable margin of profit for distributors. The potato crop has two strong claims for special consideration. It is of great value in its effect on the land, and it requires more labour, much of which may be unskilled, than perhaps any other. The demand, moreover, is steady, and can be closely estimated. Here, then,

is an industry which might be safeguarded with national advantage and without resorting to protective duties, if the principle already adopted in the case of hops—limitation of licences for import—were extended, with modifications suggested by experience, to potatoes. If the total consumption of potatoes be computed at, say, 3,000,000 tons per annum (excluding the early varieties which cannot be grown in this country), licences for importing might be granted for not more than at the most 500,000 tons, thus ensuring to the home grower a market for five-sixths of the home consumption. Competition amongst the home producers, not to mention the (restricted) foreign imports, would sufficiently safeguard the consumer against anything above an economic price. Moreover, any such restriction would be subject to review from year to year, and could be either reduced or removed if found to bear too hardly on the consumer, or, of course, in the event of failure of the home crop. The encouragement to the farmer to grow more potatoes, not to mention the improvement in the average quality on sale, would sufficiently protect the consumer. The direct and indirect advantages to agriculture and the community would be so undeniable, while the difficulty of devising any acceptable measures of practical assistance to farmers is so great, that I trust the Minister of Agriculture will sympathetically consider the suggestion."

Needless to add that any sympathy the suggestion may have evoked was not translated into action.

At a meeting of farmers cultivating 50,000 acres in Bedfordshire it was stated that foreign potatoes were sometimes shipped to England as ballast! For every ton so imported a ton of English-grown potatoes must have been fed to pigs or dug into the ground as manure. Thus the gains of the dealer spell the despair of the producer. In the ultimate resort the prosperity of the nation must be founded upon production, and production begins with the soil.

Lord Lansdowne: A Personal Reminiscence

By J. H. Morgan, K.C.

WITH the late Lord Lansdowne there has passed away a type—until the year 1923 the only type that our country has known—of Foreign Secretary of whom there are now but two survivors, both living in retirement, and it seems improbable that we shall ever look upon their like again. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, and it may well be that De Tocqueville's prophecy will be fulfilled and the reign of democracy will be reflected in the rule of mediocrities in Downing Street. Of this vanishing type Lord Lansdowne was a noble example—the type of man who, born in the purple of a great house with great traditions of uncovenanted service to the State, aristocratic, not merely by the number of his quarterings, but in the best, which is the ethical, sense of the word, having everything in the way of ease to lose by office and nothing to gain by its emoluments, devotes his life to the State without any affectation of devotion, and is utterly disdainful of public applause. Never, surely, was any man so little concerned as Lord Lansdowne *monstrari digito*. Never was any politician in a democratic age so utterly indifferent to the arts of the demagogue. It is doubtful if he ever gave an "interview" in his life; it is certain that he never posed for a Press photographer, "inspired" a paragraph, or solicited an editor. One may say of him what Bentham said of his illustrious ancestor, the Earl of Shelburne: "he was the only Minister I ever knew who did not fear the people."

To the public he appeared, no doubt, an austere man. But those who had the privilege of his friendship saw another side. And one of them would like here and now, before "oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy," to pay tribute to his exquisite courtesy, his kindness of heart, and his constant encouragement to those of us whose official duties lay, for a time, in that field of foreign affairs in which he had made himself an acknowledged master. To the writer of this article he described himself in 1924 as politically "extinct," but he continued almost to the end to follow public affairs with a keen and penetrating eye, and his counsel, whenever sought, was

never refused. In his quiet self-composure he was, despite a singularly mixed ancestry of Irish, Scotch, and French blood, typically English, and he was reticent as only the best type of Englishman can be. It was the reticence, not of a frigid nature, but of a cautious temper, and he might well have said with Halifax: "There is so much danger in *talking* that a man strictly wise can hardly be called a sociable creature." To be, as he was, at once charming and discreet is no common quality. Perhaps only once in his long and distinguished career did he fail to work harmoniously with a colleague, and that was when, as Secretary of State for War, he found himself yoked, in the old days of dual control, with Wolseley as Commander-in-Chief. No two men could be more antithetical in temperament, and Wolseley, talkative, impulsive, almost naïve, remarked long afterwards that talking to Lord Lansdowne was like addressing the Sphinx of Egypt. "I talk, he listens," said Wolseley, "and the rest is silence." One might say of Lord Lansdowne what Gladstone said of Wellington: "He had a *terrifying* gift of listening." An ideal gift, surely, for a Foreign Secretary, for no interlocutor can talk long, in the face of an impenetrable silence, without eventually betraying his thoughts. But that imperturbable calm of manner was, in Lord Lansdowne, as is so often the case with men of character, the protective colouring with which Nature fortifies a sensitive soul. Two letters, addressed to the writer of this article in 1914, revealed how deeply stricken was a father's heart by the death in action of a younger son, Lord Charles Mercer Nairne, a soldier of great promise and infinite charm, in the early days of the war.

It would be an interesting exercise in "eugenics" to trace to their source the personal qualities which made Lord Lansdowne not only one of the most tactful leaders of the Lords who ever steered a course during one of the most critical periods in the political history of that estate of the realm, but also one of the most successful Foreign Secretaries during years which were big with destiny: the years that saw the birth of the Anglo-French Entente, and the consummation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In temperament he most closely resembled his grandfather, the third marquis, of whom Lord Campbell wrote that he was "supreme in the qualities of political precedent and

etiquette," a tribute the more remarkable in that Campbell was conspicuously deficient in both. The third marquis was, indeed, the political peacemaker of his time, always in request as a mediator—it was the homage paid by his contemporaries to a man who, in the quaint words of Lord John Russell, was "honest as the purest virgin." The creations of politicians are not, as a rule, the offspring of an immaculate conception. But unquestionably there never was a man more free from the imputation of self-seeking than the late Lord Lansdowne. Three times in his political life he staked everything in the way of popularity or party favour upon his convictions. In such exhibitions of moral and intellectual independence, if in nothing else, he resembled the most illustrious of his ancestors, Shelburne, the disciple of Chatham, sometime Prime Minister, who showed such a manly independence of the Whig oligarchy of his day that they and their literary parasites conspired to blackball his admission to the Pantheon of History to which he so rightfully belonged as the wisest statesman of his age. It was Disraeli, in the pages of "Sybil," who rediscovered this "suppressed character" in the House of Lansdowne, and he has now been restored to history by the classical biography of Lord Fitzmaurice.* And to Shelburne, in the light of Lord Fitzmaurice's revelations, we may surely apply Macaulay's splendid tribute to Halifax, whom in his contempt for party Shelburne so closely resembled: "What distinguishes him from all other English statesmen is this: that, through a long public life and through frequent and violent fluctuations of public feeling, he almost invariably took that view of the great questions of his time which history has subsequently adopted." In that respect Shelburne was a man of genius. Lord Lansdowne may not have been quite that, but he had an equally strong sense of realities, and in certain matters an equally remarkable gift of prevision. His sense of realities was revealed in his acceptance, despite the desperate counsels of the "Die Hards," of the Parliament Act of 1911. So, too, with his declaration as recently as April 1925, that he was "wholly opposed to any attempt" to repeal it. Herein, indeed, he showed himself to be what was said of De Tocqueville, "an aristocrat who accepted defeat." His prevision was revealed in the

* "The Life of William, Earl of Shelburne."

carefully thought-out proposals for reform of the Upper House which he brought before the Lords in the same year, foreseeing what today everybody, including Lord Oxford himself, now admits to be urgent. And there was more than a hint of Shelburne's prevision in his remarkable speech in the Lords in 1906, when it fell to his unhappy lot to advise the peers to accept, *malgré eux*, a Trade Disputes Bill which it was hopeless for them to amend. In that speech he made a striking prophecy as to the effect of such an enactment on the growth of a revolutionary movement which at that time seemed a cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the political horizon. So too, perhaps, in 1917.

He shared with his brother, Lord Fitzmaurice, who survives him and who, with striking felicity, has also done the State great service in the sphere of foreign affairs, alike as Minister and as the author of the best history * of foreign policy in the Victorian era that we possess, the distinction of being the most accomplished speaker of the French language in our public life. The gift was a maternal inheritance. The mother of the two statesmen, and wife of the fourth marquis, was the daughter of that romantic personality the Comte de Flahault, one of Napoleon's favourite generals, who remained by the fallen Emperor's side to the end of those poignant days at Malmaison which ended in the final exile.† As the result of this French connection, Lord Lansdowne and his brother spent much of their boyhood in the Paris of the Second Empire, and seldom can a future Foreign Secretary have entered on his political career with his imagination so kindled by contact with the pageantry of history. There the two brothers met and talked with Walewski and many another legacy of the heroic age. From the lips of their grandfather they heard the story of the flight from Waterloo, when de Flahault held Napoleon, drooping with exhaustion, up in his saddle. From him they heard the still more dramatic story of the retreat from Moscow, when de Flahault saw a famished trooper cut a steak from a living horse on

* "The Life of Lord Granville."

† The story of de Flahault's participation in these events has recently been made public in an extract from the memoirs of Queen Hortense in the "Revue de Paris" of June 15, 1925, pp. 721–737, and de Flahault's military career was narrated with remarkable historical skill by Lord Kerry (now Lord Lansdowne) in a book published last year.

that *via dolorosa* of the Grand Army. And through de Flahault, according to a family tradition, Lord Lansdowne inherited the blood of Talleyrand.

It was not given to Lord Lansdowne to be, in the immortal words of the Latin historian, "happy in the moment of his death." For one thing, he felt very deeply, as only a man of his keen sense of honour could feel, the betrayal of the Irish loyalists. For another, he was not more sensitive to the common anguish of the war than to all the travail that has followed it. It was with no Olympian calm that he, grown grey in the affairs of State, looked on "Europe's dying hour" and saw "the lurid flow of terror and insane distress." In a letter of August 1924, he wrote to me of the state of Europe "with a very sad heart." Nor was he one of those facile minds who greeted the "Security Pact" and the wizardry of Locarno as the indubitable dawn of a new heaven and a new earth. When loving-cups went freely round and politicians and publicists alike became almost hysterical in their ecstasies, he remained doubtful about many things. To an observation I then made that the public, instead of saluting with such transports that diplomatic *coup*, the outcome of motives so mixed and of expectations so conflicting, would be better occupied in saying their prayers, he replied: "Yes, I am about to follow your admonition and to say my prayers, but with little or no expectation that they will be answered." Something here must, perhaps, be allowed for that wistful depression with which the rapidly diminishing little group of Victorians, survivors of an earlier and a happier age, take their last look, like Burke, upon a new and alien world which is going "through great varieties of untried being." But more must be conceded to the wisdom of this Nestor of Foreign Ministers who saw that there were no short cuts to peace.

He passes away from a world upon whose catastrophic changes, swift as the transit of a comet through space, he looked with poignant anxiety. Of him it may be said with some truth, what was written of the death of Burke amid the European cataclysm of 1797: "These sombre shadows were falling over the western world when a life went out which, notwithstanding some aberrations, had made great spaces in human destiny very luminous."

The Rupture with Russia and the Rôle of France

By Jacques Bardoux
(Membre de l'Institut)

THE decision was inevitable.

A Government formally engages "to abstain from all hostile actions or undertakings, not to carry on outside its frontiers any official propaganda, direct or indirect, against the institutions" of another State. And then it uses a business office as a centre of military espionage and political action; builds underground vaults and a studio for phototypography; organizes the theft of secret documents and recruits professional agitators; creates a revolutionary school for the sailors of the country; and supplies the material for their speeches to the parliamentary opposition. It recognizes secretly the official character of agents, whom it has officially declared to be private; pays for demonstrations in front of embassies and riots in friendly countries; breaks its word of honour, violates the elementary rules of the law of nations, and the most essential guarantees of the world's peace.

The victim of these criminal deeds is an Empire which covers more than 10 million square miles, and contains 450 millions of human beings. In three centuries England has only once been seriously defeated. For 800 years no enemy has trodden her soil. She grows slowly, and steadily, like an immense and solitary tree. She has crushed her rivals, ground down their crowns, and burnt their fleets. A political oligarchy, regularly renewed, governs this kingdom; it has an instinct for the national interest which is sometimes excessive and a sentiment for the greatness of the Empire which is often legitimate. No other country in the world has a greater mistrust of the foreigner and a greater horror of revolution, more of the sense of voluntary discipline and more respect for legal decisions. On the other hand, no country has kept more land in Asia and risked so many

conflicts with Russia. And what is surprising, when one has read the documents and knows the story, is not that Mr. Baldwin should have torn up the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1921, sent back the Soviet Mission, and recalled the English Mission, but that the Conservative Cabinet should not have interrupted commercial relations or demanded damages. They run the risk of a total rupture: they are not taking the initiative.

This restraint in their acts is as remarkable as their restraint in words, for acts of violence, if regarded by a gentleman as inelegant, are still bad business where politics are concerned.

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Never has a British Government shown such patience with a foreign State. In 1919 contact was established with Litvinoff at Copenhagen. A policy of general relaxation and resumption of trade was outlined on February 25, 1920. Kameneff and Krassin were received in May, 1920, by Mr. Lloyd George, while Poland was in flames and Europe cracking. The commercial agreement, prepared in January, 1921, was enlarged and signed on March 16. And as early as September 17 in the same year Lord Curzon had to point out numerous infringements of the promised neutrality and of the engagements made.

Without any ill-feeling, Mr. Lloyd George, with general approval, opened the doors of the Genoa Council to the Soviets in the sunny spring of May, 1922. He supported their uncompromising attitude. He swallowed Rapallo. He hoped. He waited.

Of course nothing came of it; affairs dragged on; the scandal grew bigger; Mr. Lloyd George disappeared; the Conservatives returned; and on May 8, 1923, Lord Curzon drew up a note to Moscow in his usual style. After uncivilized retorts and clumsy evasions, a discreet ultimatum and Russian capitulation followed. On May 9 Lord Curzon demanded engagements for the future and proposed a formula. On June 4 Moscow gave way, and on the 13th the Foreign Office took note. And the acts continued.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, while he showed as much patience, had no better luck. On February 1, 1924,

he recognized the Soviets without conditions. On April 14 he presided at the opening of the Anglo-Russian Conference, which made a wordy hash of everything. On August 5 he dictated a double treaty which British opinion, more irritated every day, refused to ratify. And on October 24 the Socialist Prime Minister, on the point of sinking under the reaction let loose by the Russian intrigues, had to take up the pen of Lord Curzon and write to the Soviets.

On his advent to office, November 21, 1924, Sir Austen Chamberlain renewed the protests and warnings; and to underline them he rejected the double treaty. Imperturbable Moscow pursued her indirect and underground war: a coal strike, a general strike, and war in China followed. Gold flowed; pamphlets rained; and agents circulated. Investigations led to some arrests and a few sentences. The Foreign Office remained impassive. After twenty-six months' silence there was a last warning on February 17, 1927, a three months' reprieve. Finally, on May 26, seven years day for day after the first interview between Mr. Lloyd George and Kameneff and Krassin, six years after the first British protests, the diplomatic rupture took place.

How is such long-suffering to be explained?

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The story is clear and precise. It sheds light on the whole foreign policy of the British Government from the day after the peace. Its unity stands out and its spirit leaps to the eye. The past is better understood and the future less obscure.

The evening of the armistice the British trinity, commerce, finance, and industry, had but one thought, of which the Foreign Office, in conformity with its habits and its obligations, became the interpreter: to re-establish as rapidly as possible the world exchanges. And to this task, as essential for England as was the restoration of the devastated regions for France, everything must give way. No room for excessive delicacy about scruples or excessive rigidity about interpretations! The Russian market offers astonishing possibilities. It must be reopened.

The Soviets have an undoubted superiority over

Tsarism: they exist; they govern. This political reality permits commercial realities. The blemishes of the regime matter but little. All those of Europe are in British eyes more or less defective. One alone—history teaches and the Bible explains—is normal, the English form of government. Besides, this mediocrity of home-made states is not without commercial advantages.

And no longer listening to advice and warnings, within the limits fixed by the demands of monarchical relationship, supported by public opinion, the Foreign Office carries out the Russian operation all the more energetically because on its success depends partly the Turkish operation. The Greek victory and the Asiatic partition, long anticipated by Mr. Lloyd George, later the liquidation and the settling of Mosul prepared by Lord Curzon and finished by Sir Austen, were equally impossible, if Anglo-Russian tension had assured the Khemalists of the effective collaboration and the military participation of the Soviets.

The long silence and the Christian forbearance of the Foreign Office, in face of the repeated provocations and underground hostility of the Soviets, is thus elucidated and explained.

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In 1920 hope was born. And it was a Conservative paper, the *Spectator*, which wrote on January 4: "The Russian butter, which is already on its way along the Northern roads, is a sort of symbol. At the present time we should prefer to buy butter, even if it bears Lenin's trade mark, rather than throw ourselves into a new war." In 1922 hope still lasted. And on April 5, and the eve of Genoa, 800 merchants in Great Britain followed the lead of the Chambers of Commerce and expressed their wishes for success to Mr. Lloyd George.

Hope was only destroyed slowly, in view of the stagnation of sales and the risks of credit.* Merchants were discouraged, and the Foreign Office resumed liberty of action.

It had not, indeed, entire liberty to act until it had liquidated the Turkish operation. But while the Treaty

* Exports destined for Russia did not exceed 125 millions of gold francs. Russian imports reached about 500 millions of gold francs.

of Lausanne was signed on July 24, 1923—and with the relaxation in the East coincides the Anglo-Russian tension of May and June, 1923—the Mosul affair could only be settled by Sir Austen, and not until April 1926.

Freed of its double obligation, economic and political, the Foreign Office had only to await the opportunity, while making all preparations for it.

It was not enough that Angora, thanks to the preparations in the Dodecanese, should have had the obsession of the Italian landing and that London, thanks to the conflict between Rome and Belgrade, should have thwarted the Fascist Government. It was not enough that Germany should have gauged the emptiness of the Russian orders and the West have understood the gravity of the Communist plot. It was still necessary to consolidate the Baltic front. And only a few days ago the *Vossische Zeitung* announced the arrest of a Lithuanian general just as he was handing a secret document to the Soviets, the likelihood of a Russo-Lithuanian rupture and the reunion of a Polish-Lithuanian conference. It was, above all, necessary to hope for a split between the Chinese Nationalists and the Russian agitators; and, in the last few days, this hope appears as a reality. It was finally necessary to be certain that the Soviet Treasury was exhausted; the attitude of the Russian Delegation at the Economic Conference of Geneva and the overture of the Soviet mission to the Midland Bank—on the eve of the fruitful searches at Arcos headquarters—leave no doubt on the point.

The opportunity, slowly ripened, admirably prepared, arrived. It was quickly seized, just as the well-trained muscle and sure movement of a player take an opening.

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To seize the opportunity is the secret of victory in all commercial or diplomatic successes. It must be prepared. It must also be grasped. A few moments and Fate has decided. This decision cannot be the result of a slow reasoning or meticulous consideration. It is not a question of an equation or a decree. Seizure is an act of intuition, almost an instinctive gesture.

A business man is fortunate only if he knows how to combine patience of method with rapidity of decision. A negotiator is victorious only if he is a man of reason during the months of slow preparation and one day, at the hour when the event arises, a man of instinct. Neither British opinion nor the English Government viewed a diplomatic rupture with Moscow with light hearts. The hesitations of the Press and the moderation of Ministers are equally striking. Comments and speeches prove thus with what ardour and what unanimity the nation across the Channel aspires to complete peace. Her dream is the chance to do business in peace with the whole globe, without running the risk of seeing, every instant, internal or international conflicts disturb the course of trade or close a market.

It is a visionary hope. In this twentieth-century universe, still shaken by the shock of a world struggle and the reverberations of industrial revolution, it is much more difficult to make peace than to make war.

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There is no doubt that it is this feeling of universal instability that curbs the pen and restrains the speaker.

Certainly the Government had no other opposition than that of the Socialist party. Objections formal rather than serious were not sufficient to decide the Liberal party to vote against the rupture. Fourteen members approved of it, and twenty-six abstained from voting. Without a doubt public opinion does not hesitate about the legality of the Ministerial decision; the guarantees afforded by the commercial agreement cannot prevail against the general principles of international law. The return thrust was legitimate. The rupture was logical.

But anger can be clumsy and logic costly. This revelling in strength is as indifferent to a business man as that mental satisfaction. Sometimes it is better to know how to take a blow and to dare to contradict oneself. What is right, says Mr. Layton in the *Economist*, is not always expedient.

If, in looking through the Press of the Left, one seeks to analyse the reasons for this uneasiness, the hesitations

may, I think, be explained by three things which are quite British : a precedent, an interest, and a sentiment.

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A precedent is always weighty in the country of common law. Now, the Foreign Office was pursuing the same policy of infinite patience, without a doubt, with Moscow and with Berlin, and with the same hope of finally incorporating the two outlaws in the Geneva ring. The essential stage had just been passed. The Soviets had just accepted participation in the work of the International Conferences. And it was at this precise moment that, following a search which confirmed rather than revealed things, the Government decided on a rupture, the formidable uncertainties of which had already been pointed out by its ministers.

The *Daily Chronicle* (May 25) produced Lord Balfour's opinion, and the *Manchester Guardian* quoted Sir Austen Chamberlain (May 28).

Interest always weighs heavily, at the height of a crisis, with this over-industrialized little island. Certainly the purchases by Russia, which amounted before the war to 3 per cent. in the exports of British goods, only represented in 1926 0·96. Without a doubt the Soviets sell to London four times as much as they buy. It is certain that the United States, who had not deigned, and the United Kingdom, who had dared, to resume diplomatic relations with Moscow, figure for the same proportion of Russian orders (17·9 and 17·6 per cent.). Nevertheless, the *Economist* (May 28) asks, with the scruples of the moralist, if a Government has conscientiously the right to expose a trade, full of trials, to the least loss. And Mr. Garvin underlines, with an economist's realism, the difference represented in industrial purchases by a bank credit of 250 millions of gold francs. It is but a grain of seed, maybe. But why deprive the hungry and leave it to rivals ?

An emotion with this race, all the more sentimental for its voluntary impassiveness, quickly takes hold and bites deeply. This emotion is not always religious. It can be sheer mistrust. These islanders are always torn between two fears : that of being bound and that of

being isolated. They fear alliances as much as coalitions. And the rupture with Russia would trouble public opinion less if it had been preceded by discreet soundings. Twenty-four States have resumed relations with Moscow. None talk of breaking. Several negotiate. Germany engages herself, while France makes reserves. And the Foreign Office has been reduced to confiding the care of representing British interests in Moscow to Norway. Certainly Canada is faithful, but it is far away. European collaboration would have rendered the rupture less risky and more efficacious, the resumption less uncertain and more rapid.

These falterings of public opinion tend to accentuate the moderation of the Cabinet.

Already, in his note of May 26, Sir Austen Chamberlain states precisely that the Government does not wish to interfere with the ordinary relations of legitimate trade and, consequently, will not create obstacles. Arcos, Limited, may continue its little operations on condition that they are legal, that they keep to the normal channels, and do not benefit from any privilege. The following day, at the Albert Hall, the Prime Minister comments on this distinction between the political agreements, henceforth suspended, and the commercial agreements, still encouraged: "I wish expressly to declare that our rupture of diplomatic relations in no way signifies or implies war against Russia." On the 30th, in the House of Lords, Lord Balfour recapitulates the formula of Mr. Baldwin: "I don't suppose for a single instant that this decision can lead to war. We have not provoked the Soviets in any way. We have in no way interfered in Russian affairs. I see no reason why it should not end in other international relations than those which exist today between Moscow and Washington." On June 2 the declarations of Sir Joynson Hicks, on the facilities to be accorded to traders of good faith for their visas and for their passports, give complete satisfaction to the Socialist questioner, Mr. Clynes. On June 4, at Leicester, Lord Birkenhead, recently so violent, goes further than his colleague: "If, during a reasonable period, the Russian Government, the present or another which may succeed it, shows that it has learnt the

elementary rules of international decency, there is no reason for not reversing this decision."

That is almost opening the door to negotiation.

This moderation of the Cabinet and this faltering of public opinion facilitate an agreement, on Russian grounds, between London and Paris. The French Government would find in it a threefold security.

Political security first. This tightening-up, publicly displayed by the postponement of all isolated negotiations, would have the value of an efficacious warning. Russian participation in the Communist propaganda, singularly dangerous a few months before the elections, would be more careful and of less generous proportions. Of this participation there is no doubt; it is shown by the same directorate and doctrines, the same organization, the same formula, and badges. On May 1 the Communist Party spent in posters for the Parisian district over a million francs. Where did the money come from? For every election and for its local organizations it disposes of more resources than the other parties. Where does the money come from? From Moscow, for these subventions figure in the budget. Documents exist. One of them was offered in June, 1924, to our Ambassador in London. What became of it? The other was discovered after the surrender of Abd el Krim. Has it disappeared also? A service of spies is organized. Documents find buyers. How long will this go on? It is idle to distinguish between the Government of the Third International and the Government of the Soviet Republic. Between these two organisms there is no other difference than between a Cabinet Council and a Council of Ministers.

Economic security next. If a defaulting debtor has several creditors, what is an arrangement concluded with one of them worth? Exactly nothing. It is void in law. It is void in fact. It is impossible to draw up an exact balance sheet, or to recover all the assets. To settle is even dangerous. There is a risk of substituting for the responsibility of the totally defaulting debtor that of the creditor, cleverly secured. The liquidation of Soviets and Company, indispensable for the restoration of the market and the equipment of Russian plant, can only be

realized by the participation of all the creditor States and with that of the successor States. The fact that this elementary truth has escaped so many Parliamentarians of the Cartel shows that common sense is not the most evenly distributed thing in the world.

Diplomatic security finally. German reserve is as remarkable as British moderation. If, with the exception of a few agitated militarists who are powerless, the Government * beyond the Rhine abstains from exacerbating the Anglo-Russian conflict and from flaunting a compromising solidarity, content to tighten contact and listen to offers, it is not only because the hour of the great Eastern operation has not yet sounded. The Rhine is occupied. England is on the alert. Locarno is not finished. It is also and, above all, because this rupture, the consequences of which are feared equally by the interested parties, allows them to play the useful part of commercial intermediary today and diplomatic intermediary to-morrow.

Why should France leave to others the material benefits and the moral prestige of this double operation? She would emerge the greater for it after having cleaned a dangerous cesspool at home and acquired other securities abroad.

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It is, indeed, impossible that a negotiator so adroit as M. Aristide Briand and a statesman so experienced as M. Raymond Poincaré have not thought of starting this obvious manœuvre, proposing to London to break off all isolated negotiations with Russia and only accept collective transactions with the Soviets. But then two questions arise, which I cannot answer at present. Was this offer made during the last presidential visit? And, if it was made, why did the British Press deny it, and why did Sir Austen Chamberlain discard it?

* *Germania*, May 25; *Frankfurte Zeitung*, May 26; *Berliner Tageblatte*, May 28, etc.

Notes from Paris

Doubts about the Government.—The annual landmarks of the *Grande Semaine* are going by like a flash, and the next stage of the social and political calendar takes us to the Fourteenth of July, which marks the beginning of the summer holidays in France. This is the time of year when politics are at their liveliest for a space, before dying down completely for the succeeding three months. People are speculating, as usual, how the Government will finish the session, whether it will come off with honours, or just save its bacon, or whether it will survive at all.

Decay of the Coalition.—M. Poincaré is in the awkward position of being leader of a Coalition which was formed for a particular purpose, and which has seen that purpose to a great extent achieved. The franc is not yet stabilized, but the finances of the country are once again in good shape. The fear of disaster which brought the Radicals and Conservatives together last July has long been dissipated. Their normal antipathy is reviving, and as the thought of next year's general elections takes hold of them it becomes more and more acute. On every measure which the Government has taken up, its working majority in the Chamber has been divided of late. The Radicals are most frequently in opposition. They wrecked the Bill for the leasing of the match monopoly to a Swedish company because they pretended, with the Socialists, that it meant handing over French working men and women to be exploited by foreign capitalists; they will probably succeed in shelving the Tariff Bill because of its presumed effect on the cost of living; and they want to amend the Army Reform Bill in a way which the general staff considers dangerous, in order to make sure of the prompt reduction of the period of service. On all these points the Conservatives have backed the Government against the Radicals. On the Electoral Reform Bill, on the other hand, it is the Radicals who are with the Government and the Conservatives in opposition. These are the trials of a Coalition chief. M. Poincaré has had constantly to be on the defensive. He has had greatly to reduce the programme of legislation which he set himself. He now only counts on getting the Army Bill and the

Electoral Reform Bill carried before the holidays, and if he safely achieves that, he will have done well.

The Government and the Communists. — Another matter in which the Government has had to go slow is its campaign against the Communists. There is no doubt that several members of the Cabinet, notably M. Poincaré, M. Barthou, and M. Sarrout, would be glad to break with Moscow and take effective steps against Communistic propaganda at home. But they are hampered by the tolerance of Radical opinion in France for revolutionary sentiments. Two months after the Minister of the Interior's solemn declaration of war on the Communists all that the Government can show is the arrest of a large number of minor agitators for distributing seditious tracts, and the imprisonment (long overdue) of several officials of the party on previous sentences. This is somewhat ridiculous so long as the political chiefs of the party are free to continue their propaganda in the party newspapers under cover of their parliamentary immunity.

Against this the Government is powerless, for parliamentary opinion seems extraordinarily shy of suspending this immunity in the case of political offences. With the general elections just ahead it is indulgent to a fault where freedom of speech is concerned, for nothing damages a Republican deputy in the eyes of his constituents so much as to be called a reactionary. A special committee of the Chamber recently decided against the suspension of the immunity of four Communist deputies in order that they might be prosecuted for seditious articles. M. Doriot, according to consular reports, incited the people of Annam to revolt against French rule when he was in China, but it is by no means sure that the Chamber will allow him to be prosecuted. The French penal code does not arm the executive very strongly against political offences. If M. Doriot is brought to justice, he can only be charged with "action liable to provoke war or reprisals on French citizens," and that hardly meets the case.

Meanwhile superior officers of the army and navy complain bitterly of the disastrous effect on discipline of the anti-militarist propaganda conducted by the Communists. This is where Bolshevism touches France most, for the conditions of life among the working

classes are still too comfortable for them to be seriously affected, although they vote Communist whenever they have a grievance.

French Bad Luck in the Air.—France deserves the sympathy of the rest of the world for the bad luck which has so far attended her airmen this year. Apart from an unusually large number of fatal flying accidents, every attempt which French pilots have made to win fresh laurels in long-distance flight has failed. The disappearance of Nungesser and Saint-Roman in their attempts to cross the Atlantic stands out in poignant contrast to the successes of Lindbergh and Chamberlin. Costes and Rignot, in an attempt to improve on the record for non-stop flight which they established last year, ran into several hundred miles of continuous bad weather in Central Europe, and had to come down almost frozen in the Urals. Pelletier d'Oisy barely escaped with his life and lost his machine. It is all to the credit of the French that, in face of these disappointments, they have shown such keen interest and pleasure in the air-successes of other countries.

The Magnificence of the Music-hall.—I wrote a word or two last month on the decay of the Paris theatre. These reflections ought to be counterbalanced by a commendation of the Paris music-hall. The displays given at the principal houses have reached a degree of magnificence which it would be hard to beat. Every imaginable artifice is used to combine the richest possible materials in the most fantastic and gorgeous designs and settings. Indeed, some managements may soon over-reach themselves in splendour. There has been a reaction from the extreme nudity of some of the earlier shows; the producers seem to have realized that, within limits, one human body is much like another, and that a continual repetition of this theme is apt to become monotonous. The tendency now seems to be to draw on the skill of the Paris dress designers, and use the beauty of fabrics, feathers, and artificial flowers to make up the chief attraction. The chief criticism which one may make of these shows is that the material splendour is too little relieved by displays of human talent. There is excellent dancing, but the singing might be better, and there is room for some good humorous turns. Good low comedians have, however, always been rare in France.

Labour and the Wealthy Convert

By W. F. Watson

COMMENTING upon the political clause in the Government's Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Bill, the Rt. Hon. Sir H. H. Slesser, M.P., Solicitor-General in the recent Labour Administration, said: "There will not be a candidate less, but the large number of young men who are Labour, at Eton and Oxford, will offer to pay their own election expenses. The party will not be poorer, but the country will, because it will not get representative men from the workshops returned to Parliament."

This is, indeed, a surprising statement. It is, of course, common knowledge that many wealthy men—Mr. Oswald Mosley, Captain Wedgwood Benn, and the like—have recently joined the Labour Party, but it will be news to most people that, at Eton and Oxford (and, presumably, Harrow and Cambridge) there are numbers of rich young men able and willing to pay their own expenses as Labour candidates.

To appreciate fully the significance of Sir Henry Slesser's statement, it is necessary to review briefly the past history of the Labour Party. The first agitation for direct Labour representation in Parliament was inaugurated by the London Working Men's Association in 1866, under the leadership of a Mr. George Potter, a carpenter, who eventually became the first secretary to the Trade Union Congress. But the early trade unionists were averse from mixing politics with their trade unionism —as many are now for that matter—and Mr. Potter received little encouragement from the unions of that day. At the second Congress, held in Birmingham in 1869, a paper on "Direct Labour Representation in Parliament" was read, but Congress took no action, whereupon the enthusiasts formed a separate Labour Representation League, the president of which was Mr. R. M. Lathom, a Chancery barrister, and the secretary Mr. Henry Broadhurst. This league was very moderate in its aspirations. It merely sought to secure from the Liberal Party opportunities for the return of a few working-class members; but (as previously in the cases of William Newton's contest for the Tower Hamlets in 1852, and George Odger's at Southwark in 1870) in vain.

LABOUR AND THE WEALTHY CONVERT

At the General Election of 1874, fourteen working men went to the poll, two of whom, Alexander Macdonald and Thomas Burt, were, by tacit arrangement with the Liberal Party, elected. These were the first Labour representatives to enter the House of Commons. In 1880, Henry Broadhurst was made M.P., and in 1885 the numbers increased to eleven, six of whom were miners. After a fitful existence, the Labour Representation League appears to have expired in 1881, and for five years little was heard of direct Labour representation. The palingenesis of the agitation occurred in 1886 at the Trade Union Congress, from which a Labour Electoral Committee was formed which, pursuing as it did the same policy as its predecessor, was never able to free itself from subserviency to the Liberal Party, and it achieved no success. But in 1887 an enthusiastic and fiery young Ayrshire miner, James Keir Hardie, made his first appearance at the Congress, and demanded a new start. He called upon the trade unions definitely to sever their connection with both Liberal and Tory parties, and urged the necessity of forming an entirely independent Labour Party; but, like George Potter eleven years previously, he failed to produce any apparent effect upon the delegates. The trade unionists were still uninterested in politics. Six months later, Keir Hardie contested Mid-Lanark against both Liberal and Tory, securing only 619 votes.

Failing to impress the T.U.C., Keir Hardie and his supporters went to Glasgow and formed the Scottish Labour Party, under the presidency of Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham, M.P., who, although elected to Parliament as a Liberal, had publicly avowed himself a Socialist, and a widespread campaign throughout the country was inaugurated, the effect of which was felt in 1892. This year was an important one in the history of Labour politics. It was in 1892 that Keir Hardie was elected to Parliament by West Ham, being the first man to enter the House as an independent Labour man. Fourteen other workmen were also elected, including Messrs. John Burns, Havelock Wilson, Joseph Arch, W. R. Cremer, G. Howell, J. Rowlands, and eight miners, but they were termed "Lib-Labs," because of their association with the Liberal Party. It was at the 1892

Trade Union Congress, held in Glasgow, that arrangements were made amongst the advanced delegates for a conference of all those interested in the formation of an independent political party. This conference was held at Bradford in the following year under the presidency of Keir Hardie, and, as a result, the Independent Labour Party, made up of individual adherents, was formed. It was also in 1892 that the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, since merged into the Amalgamated Engineering Union, decided upon selecting its own candidates for Parliament. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it was the delegate meeting of the union which took this step, for it is quite certain that the rank and file were not in the least interested. The Jubilee souvenir history of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, compiled by George N. Barnes (then general secretary) in 1901, records that in February 1899, "the society was represented by Messrs. Barnes, Burns, and Wilson at a conference of trade unionists and others interested in Parliamentary representation, and at which the Labour Representation Committee was formed in accordance with resolutions adopted at the Trade Union Congress of 1899. At the same time the society was asked to nominate members who might be run as candidates for Parliamentary honours in the event of suitable constituencies being found, and just afterwards votes were taken for or against affiliation to the committee just mentioned, but the interest evinced was so small that the Council have not as yet proceeded further in the matter."

Not the least remarkable feature of Labour politics is that, all through the piece, the ordinary members of the unions have ever been indifferent to political activity. Up till quite recently anything of a political nature was taboo in the branches, and even today the older trade unionists look askance at any member who talks in the branch of Parliamentary affairs. Yet the Labour Party is able to claim nearly three and half millions of trade union members, not including those who have joined as individuals, as many trade unionists do, who collectively pay, through the various executives, nearly £41,000 a year. It is entirely wrong to say that every trade unionist pays the political levy willingly. Whilst the union rules provide that each member shall pay one

shilling per annum to the Labour Party, and that those not wishing to pay may obtain exemption, it would be no exaggeration to say that 20 per cent. of the membership of any union are entirely ignorant of the fact that there is a political levy at all, and another 20 per cent. do not know that they are entitled to exemption. Of the remaining 60 per cent., half would claim exemption were it not too much trouble, which leaves 30 per cent. who willingly and consciously pay the political levy.

Fired with enthusiasm, and probably thinking that constituencies only had to be contested to be captured, the I.L.P. ran twenty-eight candidates at the general election of 1895, but, alas! every one, including Keir Hardie himself at West Ham, was beaten. The "Lib-Labs," however, held nearly all their seats.

Meanwhile the agitation amongst trade unionists continued apace. It was the I.L.P. delegates at the 1899 Trade Union Congress who, against the bitter opposition of miners and textile workers, succeeded in carrying a motion directing Congress to convene a special Conference representing trade unions, Co-operative and Socialist organizations, in order to devise means of increasing the number of Labour M.P.s. The Parliamentary Committee appointed four of its number to meet representatives of the other bodies. This committee took the business into its own hands, and drew up a constitution for a Labour Representation Committee as an independent organization, including trade unions, trade councils, co-operative societies, and Socialist bodies; and in February 1900 a special Congress adopted the draft constitution, established the new body, appointed its first executive, and made Mr. James Ramsay MacDonald its first secretary at the modest salary of £3 per week.

The new movement was received with customary coldness by the rank and file, but the rally to trade unionism resulting from the Taff Vale judgment gave the Labour Representation Committee a timely impetus. The Miners' Federation, whilst remaining aloof from the L.R.C., levied from their members a penny a month in order to create a Parliamentary fund, and affiliations to the L.R.C. doubled. Between 1902–3 six by-elections were contested, success being secured in three. At the

following general election (1906) fifty independent Labour candidates went to the poll, twenty-nine of whom were returned and, in addition, a dozen workmen elected under the ægis of the Liberal Party. The twenty-nine at once formed themselves into a separate party in the House, and the subsequent accession of the miners' representatives brought the number of Labour members up to forty-two. The Labour Representation Committee ceased to exist; the Labour Party had arrived, marking a milestone in the history of British politics; Mr. MacDonald continued to act as secretary. Such is the brief history of the Labour Party.

Although several rich men—H. M. Hyndman, William Morris, R. B. Cunninghame Graham, H. H. Champion, and others—were attached to the Independent Labour Party, the Social Democratic Federation, or the Fabian Society, all the pioneers and leaders of Labour were workmen, including the forty-two successful candidates at the 1906 election. Indeed, the leaders showed a bias against all rich men, and they were particularly careful to prevent any but bona-fide workers from becoming prominent in the councils of the party. The new party, they argued, was a workers' party and, as such, must be controlled and financed by the workers. It is recorded that, in its early days, a rich Socialist offered to finance the Independent Labour Party, and his offer was rejected on the ground that "he who pays the piper calls the tune." Further, every one of the seventy-eight Independent Labour candidates who sought election at the 1910 general election were of the working class, and the party maintained its working-class personnel right up to the post-war election of 1918.

Meanwhile a few rich men—Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, and Col. Josiah Wedgwood—had joined the I.L.P. At its annual conference, held in January 1918, the Labour Party drastically amended its constitution. Up till that time the party was just a federation of trade unions, trade councils, Socialist societies, and local labour parties; there was no provision for individual membership. The Conference decided to open its ranks to individuals who, for various reasons, could not (or had no desire to) join either a trade union or Socialist society. There is very little doubt that the

leaders brought about this change in order to attract the middle class and the rich man. At the general election of the same year fifty-seven Labour members were returned, and by 1922 phenomenal successes at by-elections raised the number to seventy-five. The failure of the Triple Alliance to bring about a strike in 1921 caused the workers to turn to the Parliamentary machine. In 1922, 142 Labour members were elected, and the Labour Party, being the second largest, was officially recognized as His Majesty's Opposition. From being a purely propagandist body the party has risen, in a few short years, to the altitude of the Opposition benches, and the possibility of a Labour Government became a probability. Rich men began to join the party in increasing numbers. Then the probability became an actual fact. In January 1924, Mr. Baldwin's Government resigned, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with 191 members, formed the first Labour Cabinet.

An examination of the lists of Labour candidates at the 1922–3–4 elections reveals the fact that quite a large number were wealthy men. The very party which, twenty years ago, scorned the rich man and his money-bags now includes such people as Lord Haldane, Lord Arnold, Lord Olivier, Earl de la Warr, Lord Muir Mackenzie, Viscount Chelmsford, the Countess of Warwick, Lady Annesley, Messrs. Bernhard Baron, Noel Buxton, C. Roden Buxton, Oliver Baldwin, C. P. Trevelyan, Arthur Ponsonby, G. M. Gillett, V. G. Crittall, D. Adams, Col. Wedgwood, Oswald Mosley, Col. Harry Day, and many other well-to-do people.

That the advent of the rich man has had a marked effect on the Labour Party cannot be disputed. The party has always given adherence to the Socialist formula —that the means of production, distribution, and exchange shall be commonly owned by the people; and it has always opposed private ownership and enterprise. The party also declares that the present capitalist system shall be replaced by a co-operative commonwealth. The present objects include :—

To secure for the producers by hand or by brain the full fruits of their industry, and the most equitable distribution thereof that may be possible, upon the common ownership of the means of production, and the best obtainable system of popular administration and control of each industry or service, and generally to promote the political,

social, and economic emancipation of the people, and more particularly of those who depend directly upon their own exertions by hand or by brain for the means of life.

Which is just a "highbrow" way of stating the case for collective common ownership as against private competition and ownership.

The influence of the wealthy Labour man can be seen in the utterances of the leaders, who appear to be entirely at variance with the rank and file and the back-benchers. It is possible, for instance, to attend a meeting one day and hear, say, Mr. David Kirkwood, Mr. James Maxton, or Mr. John Wheatley—all of whom are members of the I.L.P.—hold forth with fiery invective against the capitalist system and all its works, declaring that the Labour Party is out to sweep it all away, and the next day to read an article by the Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, who is also a member of the I.L.P., declaring his conviction that capitalist trusts and combines should be encouraged, and that the nearest cut to Socialism is to reform and strengthen capitalism. One begins to wonder where the Labour Party really is.

Then, to make confusion more confounded, the Rt. Hon. Sir H. H. Slesser, M.P. (Solicitor-General in the Labour Government), has been writing about "The Politics of a Labour Member.' "To become a member of the Labour Party," he declares, "it is not necessary that a man should declare himself, *simpliciter*, to be a Socialist. It is sufficient either that he should be, or become, a member of a body, either trade union, co-operative, or Socialist society, which is itself affiliated to the Labour Party, or, if he join the Labour Party directly, that he should support the particular immediate programme for which the Labour Party stands, and, presumably, be prepared to support any future consequential amendment."

It is not necessary apparently to give adherence to the principles or constitution, so long as one supports "the particular immediate programme," whatever that may be. And what, one wonders, do the back-benchers think of the following advocacy of *laissez-faire*?

Inevitably the Labour Party, despite all temptation to secure speedy ameliorations by the collective discipline of the unfortunate, must be driven to oppose suggestions which impinge upon the dignity of the individual. Inspection, segregation, and the official coercion of human beings are inimical to its best interests.

One could wish that were true, but experience shows that the Labour Party takes a fiendish delight in the pursuance of measures which impinge upon the dignity and liberty of the people, and which officially coerce them. But listen to Sir Henry on nationalization :—

> Whilst the Labour Party cannot, in any true sense of the word, be said to have for its ultimate object universal nationalization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange, it is, on the other hand, undoubtedly true that the Labour Party, witnessing the vast power which is being accumulated by our great trusts and combines in the essentials of life, definitely has declared and made its policy, that such monopolies shall come under direct social control. But the whole tendency of the times is to abstain from dogmatic and rigid formulæ, and to look to each industry and consider how best it can be reconstituted to serve a social purpose, having regard to its own peculiar nature.

Beautifully said, no doubt, but opposing counsel would probably call it equivocal. In any case, it is entirely at variance with the constitution and objects of the party, and in conflict with the utterances of other Labour leaders. Truly the Labour Party is a house divided against itself.

Why is it that the more moderate leaders are so anxious to secure to a party, ostensibly of the working class, the adherence of rich people from the Liberal and Tory Parties ? That they are so anxious is quite evident. Each new convert is welcomed with pæans of joy, and, usually, is quickly taken into the inner councils of the Party. Mr. Oswald Mosley is already on the Executive Council of the I.L.P. Moreover, the tendency is to find the rich man a safe seat. One possible—and probable—reason is that the leaders recognize their limitations. After all, the majority of the Labour members are but trade union officials, and whilst they are undoubtedly efficient in that sphere, no one can rightly accuse them of possessing the qualities essential to statesmanship. Not the least difficulty confronting Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, or whoever happens to be the next Labour Prime Minister (it appears to be a doubtful question at the moment), is to find sufficient men with these abilities to enable him to form an efficient Government.

The mere possession of money may possibly have something to do with it. The Returning Officer's deposit is a pressing problem, especially in those constituencies

where Labour is weak, and the man who can afford to put up the deposit, and risk losing it, is an asset both to Eccleston Square and the poor constituency.

What prompts the rich man to join the Labour Party? Whilst one always likes to credit the man who changes his politics with honesty of purpose, a study of contemporary politics tends to make one cynical. Conversion from one school of political beliefs to another is by no mean a cataclysmic happening. A man does not usually awaken one fine morning to discover that the principles of the party for which he has worked so many years are all wrong, and those of the party he has hitherto opposed quite all right. It is a gradual process often spread over a number of years. The explanations of the converts themselves are rather curious. In his letter to the Leith Liberal Association, Captain Wedgwood Benn, in explaining his resignation therefrom, stated that the very logic of the individualists convinced him that he was a Socialist. Then he went on to say: "Now that effective control of the official Liberal Party has been handed over to Mr. Lloyd George, I am compelled to make a decision I have long pondered. Apart from a political mistrust which, being based on experience, I cannot overcome, the special character of the arrangements concluded on January 19 (1927) forces me to sever my connection with an organization which is now, perhaps, more accurately described as a following than a party." The implication is, of course, that had the control of the Liberal Party been handed over to someone other than Mr. Lloyd George, and if the Liberal Party was something more than what he terms a "following," he would have remained a member of that party despite the fact that "the very logic of the individualists convinced him that he was a Socialist." Mr. Lloyd George justifiably retorts that "what he could not understand was that he (Captain Benn) would not have left the Liberal Party had it not been that the National Liberal Federation was getting too friendly with him (Mr. Lloyd George)."

Explaining his recent success at Hull—it was more of a personal triumph for the gallant Commander than a victory for Labour—the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, M.P., is reported to have said that he had in no way changed his views; he had not deserted Liberalism, Liberalism

had left him. Again the implication is that, had the Liberal Party not fared so badly at the last general election, the Hon. Member for Hull would still be a Liberal M.P. Such statements appear to lack the ring of sincerity.

Let us endeavour to analyse the position. Labour is now His Majesty's official Opposition. The annihilation of the Liberal Party has placed Labour in the position of being, at present, the alternative Government to Conservatism, and it is possible that the next general election will result in a Labour administration. What is more likely, then, than that the prominent Liberal, who had reasonable prospects of a seat in a Liberal Government, seeing those prospects killed with the fall of his party, should turn to the party offering the best opportunities for the realization of his political ambitions? And what is more feasible than that the ambitious young Conservative—Mr. Oswald Mosley, for instance—finding many men in his party with prior claims to promotion, should become impatient, quarrel with his leaders, and regard Labour as a short-cut to the Treasury benches? There was more than a sprinkling of rich men in Mr. MacDonald's Administration, and there will possibly be a larger number in the next Labour Government. It would not be difficult to name a few who fully expect to be appointed to office.

Another development, largely due to the presence of wealth, is that methods of electioneering have completely changed. Anyone conversant with the past history of Labour will remember that it was always their boast that, in respect to electioneering, they were not as other people. Liberals and Tories, they declared, "nursed" constituencies by attending bazaars, joining local clubs, subscribing to local charities, forming blanket and coal clubs, and by organizing outings for the children and the women, all of which was described as "corruption." Not so the Labour candidate. He was a working man who could not afford to do such things, even if it were desirable. All this is now changed. During the recent election in Southwark, a Liberal speaker openly stated from the platform that a certain Labour M.P., before he was elected to Parliament, approached the local Labour Party of the constituency he now represents, and offered to pay the whole of his election expenses if they

would adopt him as their candidate. It so happened that a prospective Labour candidate had been before the constituency for some time, but such an offer was not to be sneezed at, and so the working-class candidate was quietly put on one side, and the rich gentleman is now "their member."

Such happenings are causing resentment amongst the rank and file of both local parties and trade unionists. They object to rich men being foisted upon them. Why should their chosen candidate be thrown over and the organization placed at the disposal of a man against whom they have probably fought in the past, simply because he possesses sufficient money to finance the candidature? Moreover, the ordinary Labour voter is beginning to think there is precious little difference between the methods of any of the parties.

Another wealthy Labour M.P. pays £650 per annum into the local party funds, besides spending money lavishly in financing meetings, outings for electors, etc. The agent of this particular member once said to the writer that no politics were required in the division. All the electors wanted was a showman, and they had got one. When election time came round, the very personality of the candidate—together with the judicious disbursement of largess—would secure the necessary votes. We are now able to read that Mr. Blank, Labour member for Blankshire, entertained 1,500 poor children at some local public hall, and one learns that there was great dissatisfaction amongst the Labour people because the tickets were given to known anti-Labour voters. He joins the local Buffaloes' Lodge, entertains fifty workmen's wives on the terrace of the House, takes a party of women for a day's outing in the summer, and liberally subscribes to local charities. In moving tones he sympathizes with the poor and destitute, and continues to pursue a lucrative profession which enhances his riches. One cannot escape the suspicion that he is but a dilettante who loves to see the magic letters "M.P." at the end of his name. The Labour Party now excels in the art of political propaganda.

Over the weltering tangle of modern politics one thing appears to stand out very clearly. Slowly, but surely, the party is passing into the hands of the intelligentsia and the rich man and, equally slowly and surely, principles

take second place to the power of the purse. Is it to be wondered at that schism is rife in the inner councils, and that a definite split is imminent? Quite naturally those who have spent many years in helping to build a party which, in their opinion, is calculated materially to advance the interests of the working class, fiercely resent the control of that party passing into the hands of people who have joined it, apparently, to achieve their political ambitions. But they are powerless in the matter. Time after time attempts have been made at annual conferences to make three years' individual membership of the party a qualification for executive office and Parliamentary candidature, but the motion is always turned down by the official caucus.

The logic of it all is that there will be an increasing number of wealthy converts to Labour, causing the party to move more and more to the right. Already the I.L.P. has registered dissatisfaction with the leadership of Mr. MacDonald, but this gesture is a struggle for leadership rather than a conflict of principles. The probabilities are that the Labour Party will eventually become a "Centrist" party, controlled by the rich men and the intelligentsia—in short, an advanced Radical Party. The "left wing" will include the disaffiliated local Labour Parties and Trade Councils, the Minority Movement, and the Communist Party, together with the "left wingers" of the Labour Party. Once again there will be three distinct political parties struggling for power. The alternative contingency is, of course, the resuscitation of the Liberal Party, but that does not seem probable, in spite of a few recent successes. It is more than likely that the remnant of this once great party will link up with the "Centrist" Party, should it come into being.

Certainly a study of contemporary politics tends to make one cynical. Perhaps not quite so savagely cynical as Walt Whitman when he referred to politicians as "the swarms of cringers, dough-faces, lice of politics; sly innovators for their own preferment," but sufficiently so to lose faith in politicians of all brands. The well-being of the common people is but a secondary consideration—if it is a consideration at all. The struggle for ascendancy is the primary principle with them all, whatever they call themselves.

Michael Collins and the Making of New Ireland*

By J. A. Strahan, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law

FOREIGNERS must be considerably exercised by the turmoil which has arisen in South Africa over the flag question. It seems that most of the South Africans of Dutch descent wish that the Union should have a flag of its own, while most of the British-born and those who claim British descent think the Union Jack is good enough. This difference of opinion has resulted in a fierce dispute which threatens a dissolution of the Union. Officially Great Britain has as yet taken no part in the controversy, but, judging by the Press, public sympathy is with the Union Jack-ers, who are regarded as gallant fellows fighting for the integrity of the British Empire.

What puzzles the foreigner is that this agitation should occur after what has so lately happened in Ireland. The flag of England had flown in Dublin for about eight centuries, yet with the consent of the Parliament of England it was, one fine Sunday morning, pulled down from every public building there and the tricolour of the rebels run up in its place. Not only so, but the people of Anglo-Irish blood of Southern Ireland, who had fought for Great Britain, were abandoned by her to their fate, which has proved a pretty rough one; and the people of Anglo-Scottish blood of Northern Ireland, who refused point blank to abandon the flag under which they had been born, were treated as little better than traitors. Why, asks the intelligent foreigner, should that which was so right in Southern Ireland be so wrong in Southern Africa?

Another point the intelligent foreigner cannot understand is the way in which the English public regard as heroes the men who compelled them to pull down the flag of England. Sir Henry Wilson, the greatest British

* "Michael Collins and the Making of New Ireland." By Piaras Béaslaí. Harrap.

general the war produced, was shot dead in the streets of London because he objected to the flag of England being pulled down in Ulster; Mike Collins, who assassinated from behind many hedges in order to have that flag pulled down, was shot dead by his fellow-rebels because he agreed, when he was at the end of his resources, not to keep the flag of England flying, but to let Ireland remain nominally—solely nominally—a portion of the British "Commonwealth of Nations." Field-Marshal Wilson's work for a United Kingdom is forgotten by the English public: Chief Executioner Collins has become a hero.

This is shown by the fact that a long biography of Collins, in two immense volumes, is selling in England, as Byron said of Don Juan, "like hot cakes." It is printed by the Talbot Press and is no discredit to the typography of Dublin; and it is written by Collins's closest friend and fellow Sinn Feiner, Piaras Béaslaí. I have no objection to the personal part of this biography. In the circumstances, it was bound to be one in which eulogy of its subject must be ladled out by the bucketful. And it is. In some ways, undoubtedly, Collins excites admiration as compared with the politicians whom he displaced. He was no self-seeker. He was devoted to his country and did not hesitate to expose his own life or to take the lives of others in what he considered the achievement of her liberty, especially in making her an Irish Ireland, an Ireland from which the language, the laws, and the culture of England would be expelled and those of the Gael put in their place. The fact that he himself, like nine-tenths of the people of Ireland, could not speak Irish, that the only Irish laws were the Brehon laws, which were about as applicable to the present state of Ireland as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and that the only culture in Ireland was culture derived from England, did not affect his mind in the least. He was a fanatic who in the subject of his fanaticisms abhorred reason. But though he was a fanatic, he was by no means a fool.

In this biography there are three portraits of him. Two of them are from pictures by Sir John Lavery, the third is from a photograph. The artist represents him

as a typical hero of romance, with noble features and fearless mien. Those who read the accounts of his adventures and the recklessness with which he imperilled his life for the cause in which he believed, cannot doubt but that courage and self-sacrifice formed one side of his nature. The photograph, on the other hand, represents him in the character of an artful dodger, insinuating, simpering and sly; that was the other side of his nature, as was shown by his amiable bearing towards men whom he was preparing to murder.

Collins was born in the western part of County Cork, a district which has produced many excellent private soldiers, but no capable general; and many excellent politicians, but no statesman. His father was a small farmer, and, according to the biographer, he was about as learned in the classics as Porson, and in Irish as Professor McNeil. He did not, however, communicate much of this learning to his son. So far as Irish is concerned, this negligence was due to a tradition which "survived from the days of famines and evictions that parents were handicapping their children's chances in life by bringing them up Irish-speaking." Well, as the revolt against the compulsory teaching of Irish shows, though the days of famines and evictions are, let us hope, over for ever, the tradition still survives.

Collins's own career is evidence that the tradition is based on facts. His first job was at the Post Office in London; a lot of good a knowledge of Irish would do him there. And though later he left the service of the English Government, he continued to earn his livelihood in England until, to escape conscription to help England in the war, he rushed over to Dublin to stab her in the back during that gigantic life and death struggle. He told his employers he was going there to join a regiment; and, knowing perfectly well that they thought he meant a regiment to help England in the war, while he meant a regiment to levy war on England, he accepted from them an honorarium given in appreciation of his patriotism. This is an instance of the artful dodger side of his nature and not a very nice one.

His conduct, indeed, throughout his residence in England, was, to an ordinary person, hardly honourable.

Most men think it mean not to be loyal to their salt. He, coming as the paid servant of the British Government, began at once to conspire against it. In this he was like many other so-called Celtic Irishmen in England. In the words of his biographer, "they form an Irish colony in the midst of the stranger," whose bread they are eating, "and keep in close touch with Ireland." If I remember rightly, both the blackguards who murdered Field-Marshal Wilson were employed at the War Office.

Collins arrived in Dublin in time to take part in that absurd Easter rebellion of 1916. Our biographer says that this rebellion took the Irish Government completely by surprise. If this is so, it must have been the most imbecile Government in the memory of man. He himself says it was publicly announced. I can vouch for the truth of this. I happened to be in Dublin the week before the outbreak, and you had only to buy one of the wretched little news sheets in College Green or listen to one of the speeches at Liberty Hall to learn what was about to happen. The coming revolt was regarded by ninety per cent. of the people with absolute abhorrence, and any measures taken to prevent it would have met with practically universal approbation.

But no measures were taken to prevent it. The fact is, the Liberal Government felt paralysed by their past. They had allowed the Ulster Volunteers to arm and drill, how then could they restrain the Sinn Fein Volunteers from doing the same? Yet there was no real inconsistency in permitting the one and prohibiting the other. The Ulster Volunteers' object was to maintain the connection between Ireland and Great Britain; the Sinn Fein Volunteers' object was to break that connection absolutely. At that moment most of the Ulster Volunteers were members of the Ulster Division and were receiving in England their final training before going to France to fight England's battles; while the Sinn Feiners, in alliance with England's enemies, were planning to drive her out of their country and to establish a hostile territory on her flank.

I happened to visit Dublin not many months after the Easter rising was repressed. As I walked along with a member of the Irish Bar up Sackville Street and looked

at the ruins on either hand, my companion said, "Yes, look at them. All this destruction was done to drive two or three hundred half-armed men out of the Post Office. When they surrendered, a lot of them were secretly tried and shot, and two or three thousand others, most of whom had nothing to do with the rising but were supposed to be Sinn Feiners, were arrested and put in gaol; then conciliation stepped in, and they stepped out and were hailed as heroes by the populace, and are ten times more powerful now than they were before. The Sinn Feiners have won."

Was it the Sultan's or the Tsar's rule which was described as a despotism tempered by assassination? Of late English rule in Ireland might be described as coercion defeated by conciliation, which means surrender to law breakers. Some newspapers lately expressed amazement when they learnt that Parnell declared that coercion would succeed if persisted in. He knew the Irish people. We have had three examples of its success very recently. Coercion was applied firmly against disturbers of the peace under Lords Balfour and Carson, and in a comparatively short time all Ireland was free from political crime. When the peace treaty was made between the Sinn Feiners and the British Government, the gunmen and fire-raisers of the former turned their attention to Ulster and made the country a hell. The British Government were out for conciliation and disapproved of stern measures. Then the police were transferred to the control of the Government of Northern Ireland, who would stand no nonsense; and within three months Ulster was the most law-abiding province in the Empire. When the majority of the Dail Eireann accepted the treaty, the anti-treaty Sinn Feiners began shooting and burning. The pro-treaty Government handled them in a way they thoroughly understood, and now peace prevails in Southern Ireland. The cause of the failure of English rule in Ireland is that its motto was "Concede nothing to justice, but everything to violence." It should have been "Be just and fear not."

The story of the struggle between the Government and the gunmen is one which would be well forgotten. Mr. Béaslaí tells it very fully and, considering what a furious

partisan he is, tells it fairly. Of course, the gunman who shoots a soldier or policeman is a hero and the soldier or policeman who shoots a gunman is an assassin; and every policeman who tries to find out where Collins is hiding is a spy, and every Government official who gives Collins information where to find and assassinate a British officer is a "friend." That was to be expected, but it is rather ridiculous coming from a supporter of the Cosgrave Government, which in the end resorted to the method just now adopted by the Soviet tyrants of shooting innocent prisoners as reprisals for the misdeeds of others. One thing is worth noting, however. No charge is more commonly made than that it was the Ulster Volunteers who caused the Southern extremists to arm. He denies this. He says, "It was the policy of those responsible for their establishment so to depict it (p. 28), but the real originators of the armed rebellion were the Irish Republican Brotherhood." Later he sneers more or less at the Ulster Volunteers as a phantom force intended to frighten, not to fight. This was the view of the journalist who invented "Ulsterics," but I had thought that the war put an end to that delusion, just as it has to another invented by the same brilliant brain, the "Russian Steam Roller."

The pulling down of the flag of England in Dublin is the first case of that since the secession of the American colonies. Will it be the last? That was the question the Anglo-Irish of the South of Ireland and the Anglo-Scots of the North asked each other. Both were absolutely sick of the feeble, effeminate rule of emasculated England; but they were deeply concerned for the Empire which they did so much to make and to maintain. The countrymen of Castlereagh and Canning, of Wellington, Gough, Lawrence, Nicholson, Wolseley, Roberts, French, Beatty, and Wilson naturally viewed with terror what they regarded as the first step to a dissolution of that great work. Were they right?

An Indictment of Christian Missions

By Mencius Junior

[*In this article the writer, a Chinese resident in China, frames a vigorous indictment against the Christian missions in that country. He accuses them of having destroyed respect for the ancestral religion and age-long customs which cemented the nation into at least a semblance of unity and order. His assertion that, far from having succeeded in substituting Christianity as an alternative faith, they have merely paved the way for Bolshevism has been made by many Christians and is supported by known facts. He writes with undeniable knowledge of the subject and without animus against the British. The article raises issues of such profound importance, challenging hitherto accepted belief in the duty, and even the right, of proselytism, that it deserves an authoritative reply.*—ED. ENGLISH REVIEW.]

FOR six hundred years and more, the nations of the West have in the main associated themselves and their nationals with Christianity in various forms, thus singling themselves out from a motley of races and peoples as believers in a doctrine that not only sufficed for their own needs, but which, they believed, would sooner or later embrace all the peoples of the earth. In earnest of this belief, the Christians, above all other sect and creed adherents, have spent millions of dollars and thousands of lives on spreading it in Asia, and whilst it cannot be said that they have attained any great success—certainly not as great as the Buddhists on their first main entry from India, during the T'ang dynasty—yet, unlike the Buddhists, they have mixed in with their religious crusade a trading and political influence, and this last conglomerate has wrought, and is now working, many changes in China of a far greater political significance than anything the Buddhists or Nestorians ever achieved.

"All roads lead to Heaven," and it is not for us,

living here afar off, to say what the effect of Christianity may be on the English, French, Americans and others of the Western races; but we are at least allowed to consider how Christianity has affected China and our own people, whether these be Manchu, Chinese Hakka, or tribesfolk.

Of the creed itself, who shall judge? Its tenets are too involved for the common people, its vast number of creeds, sects, and schisms all different and many antagonistic one to the other, its individual effect entirely different to its national effect upon different peoples and different races. But the teachers of the creed, so far as China is concerned, seem alike in that they differ entirely from the old philosophers, as they, one and all, mix politics, education, and often commercial efforts with their religion, thus obscuring its merits and any merit they may themselves possess.

The first Church of the Christians was founded in the fourteenth century by the Catholic branch of the religion. The priests and bishops, both then and later, were not only concerned with their teaching of the Christian creed, but entered into all kinds of other occupations, and being in the main men of good education, when once they had arrived in China, shut the door of wandering, and settled down for life in the district assigned to them by their chief. These men were of a standing and education at least as high as any of the philosophers that have visited us, and our Emperors used them and their knowledge many times during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, granting them rank and reward commensurate with the services they rendered.

True, later—like most who shelter themselves beneath our robes—they grew imperious and, disdaining to take the advice of our Lord the Emperor, sought to set up in China a power greater than his, whereat they suffered disgrace. But even so, four centuries of work faithfully performed in many branches of the arts and sciences, literature and mathematics, gave their Church a greater standing here than any of the latter-day creeds that blossomed out after the disastrous war with France and Britain during the last century.

The Catholic priest as a rule never left a district, after he had once qualified in the language of the place, and, having no womenfolk to distract his attention or breed discord in his relationship with the people, he rapidly acquired a good knowledge of the manners and customs of the local officials and gentry. Certain that his tenure was for life, he made himself agreeable to his associates, studied our literature and philosophies, and whilst he helped the poor, in various ways, he never so far forgot what was due to the gentry as to exalt the beggars, or seek to humble the officials, or cast the dust of the highways upon those set in power in the land. Today we are all Chinese—but it was not always so, and during the last two hundred years the Catholic priests were friends, and good friends, of the great Emperors who used their knowledge and influence all over China, Korea, and Inner Mongolia to advise them of evil influences arising from those lower orders who are in every country disaffected and rebellious. So, under the Manchu rule, the Catholic establishment in China did much that was good, once purged of the desire to set up their Head Priest in Rome above our Emperor, although this did not prevent their countries at times from perpetrating evil acts upon our coasts.

After 1840, however, the treaties forced upon us laid us open to a swarm of priests of various denominations, creeds, and faiths who all claimed to be Christians, and persisted in entering every province and establishing missions, churches, and schools in our midst. These priests were in the main married people, as it seems that there are many sects with no rule against marriage, and for the most part people of very humble origin, little erudition, and no knowledge at all of our customs, beliefs, and philosophy. They seemed to choose the beggars and outcasts, the disaffected and rebellious, the alley girls and gutter boys, as their friends and confidants, and to teach these people their language and customs, raising them up and setting them above the gentry and officials in their regard.

Not once but many hundreds of times in my life, as an official, I have seen this with my own eyes; not once but many tens of times a month have I found these

Protestant missionaries taking the part of some miserable malefactors, affording asylum to them, protecting them against punishment, aiding them to escape from justice and generally mixing themselves in the affairs of the disaffected, setting the common people up against the officials of the various districts.

Never once, during thirty years' service spent in every province of China, have I found the Protestant missionary attending to the affairs of his church alone, but always was he at work setting the disaffected upon a mountain, teaching English to the outcasts, and imparting a vast store of useless facts concerning his foreign civilization to people who should have busied themselves tilling the soil.

This was in itself bad; but even worse, all, or nearly all missionaries of this new school taught those they came in contact with to despise the laws and customs which have served us for thousands of generations, so that time and again young men in various districts far removed from the sea expressed discontent with their surroundings and were sent by the missionaries to foreign countries, where they were taught still further to despise China and our house and family laws and customs.

Of these missionaries of the new school, the worst offenders were the Americans, who, perhaps by reason of their own rebellious descent, spent most of their lives actively fomenting trouble and rebellion throughout the land. The English are bad, but they do not, as a rule, compare with the American in setting up strife within their districts, and are more amenable to the local officials, being, in the main, better educated men with a wider and more tolerant outlook. Not content with living in luxury, with servants to wait on them, fine houses to dwell in, large churches to pray in, the American missionaries set up shops, where they sold milk, embroideries, the work of the village and district craftsmen, and other things, acquired large pieces of hill-land to set up summer dwellings, and generally behaved much as our leading gentry do, except that all the time they were busy teaching the beggars and outcasts, criminals and malefactors, their doctrine of equality, flaunting all authority, and generally bringing our civilization into discredit.

It was not easy for us to handle the new situation, as any movement on our part to discipline the offenders was adversely reported on by the consuls and officials of the Powers, who always, without exception, took the part of the missionaries; and district officials who tried to point out the evils of having a large, discontented, foreign-speaking riff-raff loose in any district, received scant kindness from the Viceroys for their pains. Other foreigners who came into the interior, merchants, traders and so on, were usually very polite to the District officials and never seemed to wish to mix with the lower classes, but transacted their business, lived quite human lives, were easy-going and gave but little trouble, being for the most part wideawake business men, with no ideas outside of making money or chasing the deer and partridges over the hillsides. The few foreign officials who came into the districts were of quite a different calibre to the missionaries—men who, as a rule, were conversant with our history and customs, not above enjoying the feasts we had to offer them, sufficiently conversant with our language to make meeting them a pleasure, and whilst sticklers for their own point of view and giving us endless trouble in settling affairs to their liking, were not evilly disposed to us and our country.

Towards the end of the last century the evil implanted by the work of the missionaries began to bear fruit. Numbers of semi-educated, foreign-speaking, low-class youths began to return to China from the mission schools in America and England, all of them claiming as their right places in the Government, although most of them were entirely illiterate, unable to speak or write their own language, and all of them imbued with a deep-seated hatred and contempt for everything Chinese and worthy of consideration. Why these young men should think they merited place and position no one in the country knew, as to everything appertaining to our customs and traditions they were strangers, and their smattering of a foreign tongue and some small knowledge of modern sciences gave them no right to take precedence over Hanlin doctors of proved knowledge and sagacity.

Quite rightly the Empress refused to listen to them, and rescued the young Emperor from their clutches,

well knowing that the Chinese were entirely incompetent to govern themselves, and certainly not ready for a form of government which is far from being an unqualified success amongst Western peoples, breeding as it does endless wars.

After the Boxer rising, which affair, coming almost on top of the bitterness of the Japanese war, disposed the minds of the people to a still greater disaffection, the missionaries renewed their efforts, sending to foreign countries an even greater number of low-class people, both boys and girls, to receive a three to five years' training in different pursuits, refusing to see that there was no outlet in China for the knowledge which they would acquire, and steadfastly adhering to the belief that from these students great things might be expected in the future. No argument that any of the District officials put before the mission workers would deter them, and, their consuls and immigration authorities aiding and abetting them, a stream increasing in volume yearly of the lowest classes left China, to be whitewashed with Christianity and Western teachings, despite all protests from the thinking members of the community.

In 1911 our dynasty, enfeebled and undermined by the Chinese and Manchu provincial officials, died, and the Republic was created in name, amid blood and fire, by a returned student whose idealism outran his senses. But the old school of officials was not vanquished, nor had respect for the customs and family laws vanished in the minds of the people, so that for a few more years the old generation aided by the provincial gentry were still able to hold their own against the flood of new thought, idealism, and contempt for China's laws and manners preached by the yearly inrush of returning students.

These few years were a time of great anxiety to all of us who were anxious to see China follow in the footsteps of Japan and become a world-power, able to cope with the sea powers and also to stave off the constant nibbling of Russia upon our northern borders. In the chaos that not unnaturally followed the change over from a monarchical to a new form of government, the foreign missionaries got entirely out of hand, branching out into a hundred new forms of activities, most of them entirely

pernicious in fact, if not in form, and all of them likely, unless controlled, to jeopardize our country to the last degree.

The Americans, as usual, took the lead and introduced into the land a vast organization called the "Young Men's Christian Association," which, whilst established in some of the foreign territories upon the coast previous to the advent of the Republic, had not up till that time penetrated into the interior, or if it had, its presence had not been noted by any officials. It was not until 1912 that attention was drawn to its nefarious methods by certain happenings in Nanking and Shanghai, when Yuan Shih Kai deputed the writer to make some investigations concerning its methods and objects.

Visits were paid to some ten towns widely spread over the country, each of which boasted of a branch organization, each captained by an American official who styled himself a "secretary." Most of these secretaries were young, uneducated men, with little or no knowledge of the country or its manners, but with a small smattering of the coolie talk of the district in which they worked. None of the secretaries met on this tour had ever read any of our philosophers' works or were acquainted with the "Analects" to any degree, but many of them had some slight knowledge of engineering and Western culture. These young men were sincere and earnest, living lives of some abstemiousness from the pleasures of life, preaching the use of Western manners and customs, more than the Christian religion, and seven out of the ten branches visited were pushing the sale of American machinery and American goods through the medium of their following, all of whom spoke some English and all of whom were returned students, people of the lowest caste many of them, entirely uneducated in everything save a slight knowledge of the foreigner's culture and sciences.

We were indebted to certain Japanese officials for a better knowledge of the working of these branches, as our Eastern brethren have had an even more bitter experience than we have had with the American mission workers.

It is not suggested that the foreigners knew or

suspected the uses made by these so-called "students" of the Association, as part of the scheme was gradually to train the students to operate the Association for themselves, and this they were then doing to a far greater extent than the simple-minded American secretaries suspected. But far from using this organization for religious or cultural uses, the whole efforts of the hot-headed young students were to use it as a fostering place for rebellion beneath the shelter of the American flag. Letters intercepted between the Shanghai branch and many others disclosed the fact that for every communication made about religion or athletic exercises, there were fifteen or twenty about political objects which concerned the students not at all, and investigation soon made it apparent that the whole Association was nothing more than a breeding-ground of rebellion sedulously fostered by all the outcast and disaffected elements of the populace, whilst pretending to be a religious organization.

The secretaries were not without guilt, as, far from teaching our culture in any way to the students, they consistently taught forms of American civilization, to the detriment of ours, leaving no stone unturned and no opportunity passed to point out the superiority of their form of culture to ours, often ridiculing our family and house laws in their lectures and condemning our institutions, of which most of them knew nothing.

The rebellion of Tsai Ao—himself a returned student—in 1915 took men's minds from this festering sore in our midst, and a general reshuffling of officials after Yuan Shih Kai's death in the following year prevented any definite steps being taken, although we had certain of the more notorious evil speakers removed.

In 1919 the Russians, ever seeking to extend their territory at our expense, sent over secretly several very able Chinese-speaking officials who visited Tientsin, Peking, Shanghai, Hankow, Canton, and Changhsa to spy out the land. They were not at first noticed, being civilians travelling in very humble circumstance, several of them engaging in trade, buying hides and the intestines of sheep and pigs, which last the foreigners use for covering some kinds of chopped meats they eat.

It was foreign friends of our Government that first drew our attention to these spies and their actions, and gave us the clue to their real purposes, as they kept always near the ground and were not observed by any of the republican District officials. Watch being maintained upon several of them, by means of men introduced into their service, it was found that already by 1921 they had established connections with all the malcontents, returned and unemployed foreign educated students, the riff-raff of the ports and large cities, and working through the American-directed Young Men's Christian Association and the Peking Government Schools and Universities, as well as the provincial schools and colleges, had already succeeded in weaning many adherents from the Christian creed to the Soviet belief.

The material they had to work on was by this time assuming immense proportions. Year by year some hundreds of young men, gathered up by the missionaries from the lowest strata of the populace, educated in foreign style at the hundreds of Church schools throughout the land, then despatched to foreign countries—mainly America—for a final three or four years' training, were by this time returning in droves, loudly clamouring for places in the Government, not satisfied, as real students should be, to serve their families and country in their native villages, discontented with our life and culture and ignorant oftentimes of our language and literature, imbued with a distaste amounting to hatred of everything that was Chinese and necessary, impregnated with a hatred and contempt of our laws and customs, and full of hot-headed notions of changing our culture for that of the Americans.

The line of argument adopted by the Russians towards these young rebels was very clever and well thought out, and consisted of pointing out the futility of expecting the Christian nations and missionaries to aid them in bringing about a state of affairs which would put them in power and cast out the remnant of the old officials who were at this time trying to carry on the government. By stealth and unknown to these officials, thirty or forty of the most radical students were shipped out via Kalgan and Urga, and taken to Russia and educated in the

Soviet religion or political faith, while others were sedulously taught by the Russian consular services and agents, who by this time were established by consent in many parts of the Republic.

In essence the argument used was that, whilst it might be a worthy thing for the rich to have a belief in the hereafter, the thing that concerned most men was not the future after death, but the present whilst living, the Soviet creed being one of today, which concerned itself in the betterment of the poor at the expense of the rich, the raising of the masses to economic and independent freedom, and the cancellation of all debts both foreign and domestic.

Preached as it was with a fervour unknown by the Christians, and coming from the lips of men who lived in the direst poverty, in the meanest surroundings, yet who were always well supplied with money to further their campaign, the unemployed returned students, dissatisfied with their environment, with the futilities of the Christian faith, and their own position in life, listened with eager ears to this new doctrine. It taught them first and foremost to discard every form of restraint, to live lives of debauchery and pleasure, to take from others all that they most needed, to destroy rather than to build up, to possess themselves at all costs of everything that most appealed to their senses, and lastly to devise means and ways of ridding the land of all foreign influences that might offset the Russian. The movement spread with lightning rapidity.

The Government were by no means ignorant of the results of the new doctrine in Russia, having far better means of realizing its effect on Asiatic countries than the students had, hearing tales oft told of the horrors of the new regime in South-east Siberian borderlands, besides having information supplied by such well-known Russians as the head of the Far Eastern Railway and other refugees who flocked into China during the period 1918–21. But alas! their minds were fully occupied with events nearer home, so that they were content to leave Dr. Sun and his band of arch-rebels of the Christian faith in Canton, confident that the movement would die out, as soon as its novelty had worn off, and placing

an unfounded reliance on the well-known jealousies of the Powers to prevent the Russian movement from becoming dangerous.

In 1923 another Christian arose to some small place and power and began gathering around him the nucleus of an army which during the next two years was to become, under the tutelage of the Russians, an even greater menace to the country than Dr. Sun in Canton. This military official was not, however, a returned student, but was aided and abetted in all his doings by a celebrated Young Men's Association secretary who, having some small knowledge of writing, coupled with a good personality, foisted himself into the confidence of the official clique in power at the time and gave to General Feng Yu Hsiang an importance by no means merited by that official's performances.

From the Canton regime the Russians expected great things, and money, arms and equipment flowed from Vladivostok to the West River in vast quantities, whilst at the same time Russian secret service agents attached to the Peking Legation and the Tientsin Consulate redoubled their efforts, working through the Young Men's Association, Yenching University, the Peking Government University, the Russian Law School, and other educative centres, all with the object of making China a second Russia, governed directly from Moscow, and in fact, if not in form, a Russian protectorate.

It is impossible by any system of thought sequences known to us to understand why it is that the Christian seed implanted by so many missionaries of such diverse types should blossom out into the Soviet flower with such consistency; but the fact remains that today nearly ninety per cent. of all the advocates of the Soviet form of government and civilization are, or were originally, Christian educated people, and these people are the most articulate of our race bent on turning China into a second Russia.

Foreigners talk a great deal about Nationalism, but we here do not so regard this movement, as, whilst it is true that one of its aims is to do away with the foreign control of our greatest revenues, its main idea is totally to eliminate Chinese laws, customs and manners, and to

place the country bound hand and foot at the mercy of Russia. How far it has succeeded can only be judged by the total lack of all parental reverence shown by its votaries, who, not content with flouting the living, are destroying the tombs and temples of their ancestors.

England and America make a great pretence of being Christian countries, boasting all over the world of the excellence of their institutions and culture, maintaining immense fleets and armies, and generally taking it upon themselves to shepherd mankind in the paths they should tread. In times past, such as in 1901, it was an American Minister that vetoed the Russian attempt at making of North China a Russian viceroyalty, whilst England and Germany have both severally and individually in the past, not once but many times, prevented the annexation of portions of China by other interested Powers. But now, when we have a clear case against them, when the present situation is directly due to the efforts of their missionaries in their passionate vanity and misguided zeal to obtain converts for their churches at any price from the lowest strata of our populace, so that their rice bowls might be kept filled by their supporters in England and America, what do we find these Christian nations doing? Do they stand up to help the few remaining exponents of the independent Chinese form of culture to meet and purge the land of this seething mob of Russian-paid Christian-Soviet votaries? Are they doing anything at all to prevent their nationals from being driven out of the country, to prevent the spreading riot of Russian influence which is fast rotting and destroying everything that Chinese culture means, to prevent bankruptcy and national dishonour overtaking us? Or are they not rather uniting with our enemies from the north, by making treaties and plans with them which will end in delivering China over to the new Mongol hordes?

History will put on record the fact that the seed of our downfall was sown for eighty years assiduously by the Christian missionary, who taught our lower class youth to despise us and all our ways, who made of country lads of the lower classes a community of those who, above all others, poured contempt upon the old

civilization, history and culture which have sustained us; that the countries who forced this flood of evil upon us then stood with folded arms and bade us fight ourselves and stamp out the pernicious evil which they themselves have not succeeded in protecting their own countries from, notwithstanding the fact that they are divided by the sea from Russia and have no ten thousand *li* of borderlands marching with Soviet territory.

If Christianity is indeed worthy to be ranked as a great faith, then England and America cannot be Christian. Both are rich countries, both are powerful; either of them, alone and unaided, could have stayed the plottings of Dr. Sun and his Christian-Soviet adherents in Canton, had they so chosen, years ago—England especially, as her colony of Hong-Kong is near to Canton and the Russian ammunition ships passed within sight of her back door. Germany is not today so able to cope with the Soviet, nor is France nor Italy, all of these having been too much weakened by the last European war.

Upon England and America, then, must the judgment fall, for both these countries insisted that we should open the door to their culture, and both deceived us by their long and loud protestations that the policy of the open door and equal opportunity must be maintained. Our country falls in ruins about our ears; their missionaries flee, and their officials, far from aiding us, extend their hands and their semi-recognition to our enemies, whilst their home Press is filled with praise and laudation of the Soviet apostles who usurp our place.

As the Soviet has supplanted Christianity in the minds of our young, as the Christian seed has blossomed into the fruit of Lenin's doctrines, it is not to England or America that we must look in the future. We must seek a country with a faith that it not only preaches to the children, but practises by supporting its adherents when in the fierce fires of reality their creed is put to the test. Judged by this standard, Christianity can be placed in the discarded heap of those doctrines and creeds which have already been tried and found wanting.

Indian Sentiment

By "Mahi"

In the course of many years' sojourn in India one meets all sorts and conditions of men, from the educated politician who urges the claims of India to manage her own affairs, to the villager whose chief concerns are the annual rainfall, the price of grain or clothing, and the behaviour of the local moneylender. Service in the revenue department teaches the Englishman much about the short and simple annals of the poor; police-work brings him into contact with various types of criminal, some of whom indulge in forms of crime inherited from remote ages, while others emulate the achievements of the modern European swindler and burglar; and work in the customs and allied departments gives him an insight into the habits and mentality of the trading classes.

It is generally supposed that friendship between European and Indian can never extend beyond a certain point, which is determined by essential differences of custom, thought, and inherited character. This is on the whole true; for the Hindu caste system alone, which governs the lives of the majority of India's inhabitants from birth to death, offers an insurmountable barrier to intimacy between those who observe its precepts and prohibitions and those who do not. Europeans in India are frequent—one might almost say, daily—witnesses of acts or incidents which illustrate the divergence between their own ideas and those of the children of the soil.

Observe, for example, the attitude of many Indians in the face of unmerited misfortune. It differs much from that of the average Englishman in the clutches of Fate. The former, at any rate outwardly, shows greater resignation and is less disposed to defy "the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune," believing, no doubt, that his unhappiness is preordained and ineluctable. This trait can be illustrated by the tale of a Brahman who once served as my head clerk. When I first made his acquaintance, he was a stoutish, well-fed man of middle age

with a rather pompous manner, who looked forward to a few more years' uneventful service before retirement on pension. While he was still under my orders the plague broke out and in one of the disastrous epidemics which swept yearly through the Indian quarters of the town, he lost his wife, his son and two daughters. He himself was the sole survivor of the family. The loss of his son was a heavy blow, for according to orthodox Hindu ideas he was thereby deprived of the only person who could properly perform the *sraddha*, or death ceremonies, which would ensure peace to his own spirit after death. When he next came before me, bearing the external signs of Hindu mourning, I expressed my sympathy with him in his bereavement. He thanked me and added, without a trace of the old pomposity, that he had decided to resign his appointment and become a *Sanyasi*, that is to say, an ascetic who has abandoned all earthly ties. I ventured to suggest that his physical strength could not long support the ascetic life—his only food a little rice or a cup of milk given by some charitable householder, his only roof the stars, and that perhaps there was still work for him to perform in this world. But he was bent upon cutting himself adrift from the old life; and a fortnight later, after settling all his affairs and distributing the sale-proceeds of such property as he possessed to others, he submitted his resignation to the Government. The office, of which he had been the head clerical representative for fifteen years, knew him no more. Later I was informed that, true to his resolve, he shaved his head, discarded his name, donned the ochre-coloured robe of an ascetic, and bearing in one hand a brass bowl and in the other a knotted staff, set forth barefooted on the long journey by road to Benares. The fatigue of the journey, the rigour of the life, the exposure to the weather, proved, as I foresaw, too heavy a strain upon a constitution accustomed for many years to moderate comfort. Shortly after he reached the holy city, the nameless pilgrim died and was cremated on the bank of the Ganges, like so many other forgotten friars who spend their lives in ceaseless peregrinations to the holy places that lie between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin.

The average Englishman, similarly afflicted, might feel his loss as deeply as the Brahman; but the relinquishment of his identity and of all connection with the workaday world would probably be the last means he would adopt of expressing his grief and submission to the Divine Will. Usually he would seek an anodyne in strenuous daily work or some fresh field of activity. But while such cases indicate a marked difference between the European and Indian outlook upon life, and although, as a rule, the relations between the two in daily life do not ripen into closer intimacy than that existing between business acquaintances, the Indian does at times exhibit unexpected sympathy and loyalty towards individual Europeans who have earned his regard, particularly if the latter are in difficulties. Two cases which came to the writer's notice a few years ago will exemplify this characteristic.

One of the less important departments of a large public organization was for some years in charge of an Englishman of mild temper and unassuming character, who treated his subordinates well and was on friendly terms with his Indian colleagues in other branches of the administration. His salary was not large, and, in fact, barely sufficed to support himself and his wife and defray the cost of their only child's education in England. Consequently he was unable to afford the expense of a periodical visit to his own country, without which no Englishman in India can hope to keep his health and vitality; such leave of absence as he took was spent in India. After several years' hard work the inevitable breakdown occurred, and the doctors informed him that a long spell of furlough in Europe offered the only chance of recovery. Possessed of no margin to cover the cost of steamer-tickets and the incidental expenses of the journey, and aware that the half-pay allowed to him while on furlough would not suffice to maintain the family in England for twelve months, he reluctantly determined to forgo all idea of a holiday in Europe and to seek in the climate of an Indian hill station sufficient strength to prosecute his duties for a few years longer. A few days after he had taken this resolve, he received a communication from a local bank, stating that a friend, who wished

to remain anonymous, had placed to his credit a sum sufficient to pay the passages of his wife and himself and leave him also a certain surplus for use in England. The letter added that the money was to be regarded as a loan without interest and might be repaid entirely at his own convenience to the bank, which had instructions to credit the amount in the right quarter.

The Englishman and his wife accordingly sailed for home. Unfortunately his constitution, undermined by overlong residence in the East, failed to profit by the change, and he died within four months after his arrival in England. After his death it became known to a few of his acquaintances that the anonymous benefactor who had enabled him to leave India was a Hindu colleague in the same office who happened to possess house property and to be tolerably well-to-do. He was under no obligations to the Englishman beyond those of ordinary friendship; and his private arrangement with the bank may be regarded as proof of his desire to requite a comrade in difficulties for the courtesy and fairness with which the latter had always treated him. It only remains to add that he never sought repayment of the loan from the Englishman's widow, who was left in straitened circumstances.

The second case, which was equally creditable to Indian feeling, concerns a Scotchman who once held an important position in a large mercantile house, and in that capacity was brought daily into business relations with Indians of various castes and classes. After holding the post with credit for some years, he suddenly developed an insuperable craving for drink, neglected his home and his business, and eventually was dismissed from employment by his directors. European friends arranged to send his wife and family to England, while he himself sank gradually to a condition little better than that of a vagrant, subsisting on such money as he was able to beg or borrow, and spending most of it on liquor. He would probably have starved but for the fact that one of the Indians, with whom he had had business dealings in the days of his prosperity, arranged privately with a local restaurant-keeper to supply him regularly with one good meal a day, stipulating at the same time that

his own name should not be mentioned and that no drink except tea or coffee should be given with the daily meal. On this the unfortunate man subsisted, until he fell seriously ill and was carried into the general ward of the local hospital. A strong constitution enabled him gradually to overcome the ill effects of prolonged excess, and a long convalescence gave him an opportunity of reflecting upon the wreck he had made of his career. He left the hospital a saner and stronger man, resolved, if possible, to retrieve in some measure his lost fortune. Once again the Indian, who had fed him in the days of his abasement, came to his help, and was able through the channel of his own wide business connections to put him in the way of earning a fairly good livelihood, in which his past business training stood him in good stead. He worked hard, avoided drink, recovered his former health and spirits and became once again a respectable member of society. He owed his regeneration in great measure to the loyalty of his Indian friend, who was moved at the sight of his misfortune and regarded it almost as a religious duty to lend a helping hand to one who had formerly been on cordial terms with him in the daily course of business.

The Indian is perhaps even more susceptible than the European to the influence of personality, and no one can sum up more quickly the fundamental traits of a character. Human excellence, whether of saint, soldier, administrator or other, appeals to him quite as strongly as it does to us, though his fashion of expressing his feelings is often more primitive and more marked by superstitious awe than that of a Westerner. In the cemetery of an old town in western India, which was a military centre of some importance in the early years of the nineteenth century, lies the grave of a Colonel Wallace whose character and personality made a marked impression upon the Indians of his time. Though more than a century has elapsed since his death, he is still described by the townspeople as *Sat Purush*, " the holy man," and his tomb, which was erected by the officers of his regiment, has long been a place of pilgrimage for the people of the surrounding country. Year by year as the harvest comes round, the villagers bring the first fruits

of their fields to the grave and offer them as *naivedya*, or "food for the saintly spirit." Lord Cornwallis, the famous Governor-General, has likewise attained divinity in the eyes of a section of the lower classes—a tribute, perhaps, to his nobility and straightforwardness. A fine statue of him stands in one of the provincial capitals of India, and from time to time Hindus of the lower classes may be seen making obeisance to it and laying at its foot offerings of flowers, fruit, and coconuts. One of the worshippers, when asked why they did this, replied that the spirit of the former *Lat Saheb* was a powerful ally against misfortune; and then, observing that his questioner was still sceptical, he added in his terse vernacular: "He was a man of great compassion and wrought much good for the Indian people." Thus the good that men do in India is remembered by the people long after they themselves have passed away. It is possible, as these reminiscences indicate, for any European, possessed of tact and chivalry, to strike a responsive chord in the Indian mind; and when once he has set that chord vibrating, the Indian will never forget him in the day of adversity. He has imbibed the truth and the lesson of the old proverb: "I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all my brothers."

Heard "Off"

Stage Noises in the Elizabethan Theatre

By Janet Ogilvie

It has been said that "Radio Drama" will develop a new technique for playwrights, and that even plays written primarily for theatrical presentation will conform to the requirements of the "wireless." If the prediction is fulfilled, it will be interesting to observe the whirligig of Time bringing in his revenges. The elaboration of scenery and costume which at present encumbers the art of the dramatist will be swept aside, since plays intended for broadcasting are freed from the requirements imposed by visual presentation. As in older English drama, the scene will be perpetually changing precisely because it is not changed at all; and another interesting reversion to older methods will be the revival of illusions of sound to produce dramatic effects.

But it may be doubted whether modern authors will ever regain that courageous faith in the imagination of the audience which enabled the Elizabethan dramatist to introduce such stage directions as "a noise within of driving beasts" or "hounds in full cry within." The latter, or something similar, is found again and again in the plays of Shakespeare and the writers of his time, and the frequency with which it occurs is a proof of the success with which the effect was produced as well as of the favour with which an Elizabethan audience accepted such reminders of the free, outdoor life in which all classes delighted. In *The Tempest* Shakespeare introduces a hunting scene to complete the discomfiture of Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo. They are stealing the "glistering apparel" outside Prospero's cell when there is—

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

PROSPERO. Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO. Fury! Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

(CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO *are driven out.*)

Usually, however, the hunt is merely suggested as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where, to the sound of

"horns within," Theseus, Hippolyta, and their court enter "for the hunt," and the talk is all of the dogs and their cry and

> the musical confusion
> Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

A similar effect is produced in a very different play. *Titus Andronicus*, whether by Shakespeare or not, gives this delightful picture of "a hunting morn":

> The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
> The fields are fragrant and the woods are green.
> Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
> And wake the emperor and his lovely bride.

Practically every dramatist of the time uses this popular effect. Dekker introduces it in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, and even the "superior" Ben Jonson, in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, lets us hear the holloaing of the hunters and the merry winding of horns.

It must be remembered that in the Elizabethan theatre, although much that the actor "saw" was invisible to the audience, everything that the actor *heard* was actually heard by the audience. To a generation acquainted with the tradition of the Miracle Plays this constant appeal to the ear would seem a natural and necessary part of the play. The crowing of the cock which "startled the penitent Peter," and the singing of the "angels in Heaven" at the Nativity, were equally possible and effective in these naïve representations, and were accepted in reverent simplicity by an uncritical age. And, although the conventions and artifices of the theatre had been recently exposed to ridicule and censure by Sir Philip Sidney and other critics, Shakespeare and his fellows, despite severe restrictions in visual representation, had powers of imaginative appeal which modern dramatists might admire and envy.

Shakespeare's text offers few stage directions (since his presence at rehearsals made them unnecessary), but other plays of the time not only show that "stage noises" were freely used, but sometimes even how they were procured. Scenes such as the Forest of Arden and the wood near Athens were provided with their "native woodnotes wild," the song of birds helping the descriptive

passages to present the scene to the mind of the audience. In *The Dutch Courtesan*, for instance, the words :

> Hark how the freeborn birds
> Carol their unaffected passions

are accompanied by the stage direction, "the nightingales sing"; and in Fletcher's *The Pilgrim* a prompter's note makes it clear that bird song of different kinds was procured by blowing into water through whistles of various sorts and sizes. A clever performer could manipulate the cuckoo pipe to produce the crowing of a cock or the hooting of an owl, though these sounds were still sometimes achieved by the human voice and the wonderful powers of mimicry of the Elizabethan actor. In *The Mysteries of Nature* (about 1630) John Bate tells of "the long white boxes" that were to be bought in London in his boyhood, containing ingenious contrivances for imitating cries of birds and animals, and these or similar devices were probably used in the theatre as well as in the street.

It is almost impossible for us to estimate the effect of some of these "stage noises" heard more than three hundred years ago. To an Elizabethan audience the crowing of the cock in the opening scene of *Hamlet* would, indeed, sound like "a fearful summons" recalling the ghost to the torments of the prison house, and Horatio but voiced their own convictions when he said :

> At his warning,
> Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
> The extravagant and erring spirit hies
> To his confine; and of the truth herein
> This present object made probation.

The opening scene of *Macbeth* is never presented now with the noises "off" which two of the lines demand. As the witches prepare to part after arranging to meet again on the heath and intercept Macbeth on his march to Forres, "I come, Graymalkin," cries one of the three, and "Paddock calls!" exclaims another. To the sophisticated modern playgoer the mewing of a cat and the croaking of a frog would sound grotesque and ridiculous, but to the superstitious Elizabethan with his unshaken belief in witches and their familiar spirits incorporated in the lower animals, the summoning of the witches to the

Devil's work by these emissaries of the Devil would seem the final touch of awful realism.

That the Elizabethans were a noisy audience is proved by much documentary evidence. Spenser's simile is sufficiently clear:

> All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes
> That seemed some perilous tumult to desine,
> Confused with women's cries, and shouts of boyes,
> Such as the troubled Theaters oft times annoyes.

And the satirical advice Dekker gives in *The Gull's Hornbook* on how the Gallant should conduct himself in the Playhouse, strengthens the conviction. The Gallant, having taken his seat conspicuously on the stage itself, is not to be driven from it "though the Scarecrows in the yard hoot at you, hisse at you, spit at you, yea, throw durt even in your teeth: 'tis most Gentlemanlike patience to endure all this and to laugh at the silly animals; but if the Rabble, with a full throat crye, 'Away with the foole,' you were worse than a madman to tarry by it." That they loved noise in the theatre, whether of their own making or the actors', is certain; and Shakespeare and all the successful dramatists of the time indulged their clamorous demand for din. Drum and trumpet, shout and yell, cannon and thunder, resound on and "off" the stage (or "within," to give the more correct stage direction of the time). But one of the clearest proofs of Shakespeare's dramatic genius is the way he turns to account the exactions imposed on his art by popular taste. There is never noise merely *as* noise: always it is made to serve the purpose of the drama.

"A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come!" cries one of the witches, exultantly, and in a moment Macbeth enters with his fellow general, Banquo, with whom, at the head of their victorious army, he is marching towards Forres. A drum played to march time was the stage convention to indicate the approach of an army, as may be seen from any of the historical plays. Again, Horatio's mourning over the death of Hamlet is interrupted by "a march within":

"Why does the drum come hither?" he asks, and immediately the answer is supplied by the entrance of Fortinbras and his forces.

HEARD "OFF"

Earlier in the play the sound of drum and trumpet gives Hamlet his cue for a contemptuous reference to the drunken revelry of his uncle's court. The hour is midnight, and Hamlet and his friends await the appearance of his father's spirit. Suddenly the stillness is broken by

> A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.

Horatio, startled, cries: "What does this mean, my lord?" And Hamlet answers:

> The king doth wake tonight, and take his rouse,
> Keeps wassel, and the swaggering upspring reels;
> And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
> The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
> The triumph of his pledge.

In *King Lear* the challenging and answering trumpets are used with immense effect when Edgar, incognito, comes to avenge his own wrongs and his father's on his base brother, Edmund:

> ALBION. Come hither, herald! Let the trumpet sound,
> And read out this.
> OFFICER. Sound, trumpet.
> (*A trumpet sounded.*)
> HERALD. If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.
> EDMUND. Sound! (1 *trumpet.*)
> Again! (2 *trumpet.*)
> Again! (3 *trumpet.*)
> (*A trumpet answers within.*)
> [*Enter* EDGAR, *armed.*]

The shouts of the Roman mob at the games punctuate that fateful conversation between Brutus and Cassius. They are the key by means of which Cassius at last finds entrance to the secret thoughts of Brutus. The shouting of the rabble is used differently, but just as effectively, in *Hamlet* when Laertes, at the head of a clamorous crowd, forces his way into the king's presence. It gives the occasion for a display of a side of Claudius's character that Hamlet never sees; and, indeed, it is strange to hear from the lips of this usurper one of the noblest expressions of the theory of the divine right of kings. A little later the "shouting within" is renewed,

but in a different key and to a different purpose. "Let her come in," the people cry; and Ophelia enters with her rosemary and pansies, her fennel and rue, and her little snatches of heartbreaking song.

Judging by the tempestuous weather that prevails in the plays of the time, thunderstorms would seem to have been very much enjoyed in the Elizabethan theatre. Ben Jonson in the prologue to *Every Man in His Humour*, jeers at what he apparently regarded as a crude theatrical device, and boasts that in his play there is no

> rolled bullet heard
> To say it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
> Rumbles to tell you when the storm doth come.

Yet the storm, as Shakespeare used it, plays an impressive part. *Macbeth* opens with a storm that, with the words of the witches, serves to create the sense of gloom and disaster which prevails throughout the play. *The Tempest*, too, begins with a storm, with thunder and lightning; but, after the opening scene, the atmosphere of the play is singularly calm and sunny. Yet the play rightly gets its name from the first scene, for the storm is the means of bringing Prospero's enemies into his power. In *Julius Cæsar* thunder and lightning are made "instruments of fear and warning" on the eve of Cæsar's death. Other strange portents are seen and heard, but the storm is the most awe-inspiring of all these "things beyond all use." So also on the night that Duncan dies. The strife of the elements is in keeping with the struggle that goes on in Macbeth's mind. "'Twas a rough night," is his brief reply to Lennox's lengthy comments on the marvels seen and heard, and the answer reveals the turmoil in which his soul has been. Again, scoffing references to the "twelve-penny hirelings that make artificial lightning while drummers make thunder in the tyring house," cannot weaken the powerful effect of the storm in *King Lear*. Alone but for his faithful Fool, the old king faces the tempest on the heath. Already half-crazed with suffering, he cries to the storm in words that emphasize the pathos of his situation, and reveal how the wild elements

complete the confusion in his mind when he feels his "wits begin to turn."

Long before Ben Jonson's gibe was penned the absurdities of the popular stage had proved an easy mark for the arrows of Elizabethan criticism. The English playwright is "most vain, indiscreet, and out of order; he grounds his work on impossibilities," George Whetstone declares in good set terms; and a few years later (1583), in his "Defense of Poesy," Sidney is equally severe. "Two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field," he scoffs. Yet very soon Shakespeare was to represent many a pitched field with even less than this. Consider, for example, the battle of Philippi as presented in *Julius Cæsar*, where the progress of the fight is vividly revealed by the words of one or two characters and by the skilful use of "alarums and shouts within."

Sometimes, as in Macbeth's last, desperate fight, a duel was fought on the stage; and such combats were always, apparently, exhibitions of skill in arms, and highly relished by the spectators. But as a rule groans, shouts, shrieks of terror, yells of triumph, and the clash of weapons supplemented the words of eye-witnesses in creating battle scenes in the minds of the audience. The appeal was to the ear; and it was successful. All the excitement of a naval battle could be conveyed, though not a wave nor a ship was seen. Take, for instance, the account of the Battle of Actium in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Yet, despite his success in contriving these effects, no dramatist could be more acutely conscious than Shakespeare of the limitations of the theatre. In the prologues of *Henry V* he repeatedly and explicitly confesses the impossibility of presenting or representing the scenes and characters of the play:

> Can this cockpit hold
> The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
> Within this wooden O the very casques
> That did affright the air at Agincourt?

Yet, he insists, if the audience will do its part, all will be well. "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts," he says, and again and again stresses the

need of active co-operation on the part of the spectators. "Work, work your thoughts," he urges, and imagine that you behold what can never fitly be shown on the stage. For Shakespeare recognized that the theatre, at its best, is but a place where we

> sit and see,
> Minding true things by what their mockeries be;

and, not merely in this play, but in all his work, much of his success is due to the skill with which he stimulates the imagination so that we see the true things, however feeble their mockeries.

Some of the "stage noises" he employs for this purpose are remarkable for their simplicity. In *Macbeth* alone there are three that for effectiveness have seldom been equalled and never surpassed. Two of these occur in the murder scene. Macbeth has resolved to murder Duncan, and Lady Macbeth is drugging the grooms who guard the king's chamber. The castle is at rest; the last sleepy servant is dismissed:

> Go, bid thy mistress when my drink is ready
> She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

And then to his excited imagination appears the visionary dagger which he tries to grasp—so real it seems. "Now o'er the one half world Nature seems dead." And then, in the stillness of the night, "a bell rings."

Hardly is the murder accomplished when Macbeth is startled in the midst of his remorse by "a knocking at the gate." "How is't with me," he cries, "when every noise appals me?" Imminent discovery of their crime only steels Lady Macbeth to greater caution and cunning, and, as the knocking is continued with more and more impatience and at ever shorter intervals, she urgently whispers advice and comfort to her husband. "Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts," she says, impatiently, finding he is deaf to her counsel; and he rouses himself to utter the sum of these thoughts:

> To know my deed—'twere best not know myself.

Then, as the knocking is renewed, he cries, despairingly:

> Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

Towards the end of the play, when Macbeth in his

fortress of Dunsinane is ready to "laugh a siege to scorn," his warlike preparations are interrupted by "a cry of women":

> Hang out our banners on the outward walls!
> The cry is still, *They come!* Our castle's strength
> Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
> Till famine and the ague eat them up.
> Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
> We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
> And beat them backward home.
> (*A cry within, of women.*)
> What is that noise?
> SEYTON. It is the cry of women, my good lord. (*Exit.*)
> MACBETH. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
> The time has been, my senses would have cooled
> To hear a night-shriek. . . .
> . . . . . .
> I have supped full with horrors:
> Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
> Cannot once start me.
> (*Re-enter* SEYTON.)
> Wherefore was that cry?
> SEYTON. The queen, my lord, is dead.

The device is not only theatrically effective, but dramatically useful. Like the bell and the knocking, it serves to reveal a change in Macbeth of which he, as well as the audience, is conscious.

The "knocking at the gate" in *Julius Cæsar* is another well-contrived effect. It occurs in the scene where Brutus, alone in his orchard, decides that Cæsar must die. The hour is very late. The boy, Lucius, who has been sent to consult the calendar, returns with the answer:

> Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

The soothsayer's warning to Cæsar: "Beware the Ides of March," is fresh in the memory of the audience, and therefore the boy's words are sufficiently significant; but they are hardly uttered when "a knock within" is heard. It is as if Fate knocked at the door; for Brutus has sealed his own doom with Cæsar's.

But Shakespeare is not alone in the power to use ordinary means to produce extraordinary effects. In *Doctor Faustus*, Marlowe employs with wonderful success the very simple device of a clock striking: The twenty-four years of pleasure are over for which Faustus had

sold his soul, and at midnight the Devil will come to claim him.

(*The clock strikes eleven.*)

FAUSTUS: Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come.

. . . . . .

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

. . . . . .

(*The clock strikes the half-hour.*)

Ah, half the hour is past! 'twill all be past anon.
O God,
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be saved!
O, no end is limited to damned souls!

. . . . . .

(*The clock strikes twelve.*)

O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be changed into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found!

Another of the great Elizabethans, Webster, a supreme artist in the creation of "atmosphere," employs the foreboding voice of Echo to deepen the sense of gloom and calamity at the end of *The Duchess of Malfi*. The duchess and her children have been most cruelly murdered, but her husband, Antonio, believes them safe and happy as he talks with his friend, Delio:

DELIO. This fortification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
And to yond side o' the river lies a wall
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard.

. . . . . .

ANTONIO. I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.

. . . . . .

But all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,
Must have like death that we have.

ECHO. *Like death that we have.*
DELIO. Now the echo hath caught you.
ANTONIO. It groaned, methought, and gave
A very deadly accent.
ECHO. *Deadly accent.*
DELIO. I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, or a thing of sorrow.
ECHO. *A thing of sorrow.*
ANTONIO. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.
ECHO. *Ay, wife's voice.*
DELIO. Come, let us walk further from it.
I would not have you go to the Cardinal's tonight.
Do not.
ECHO. *Do not.*
ANTONIO. .....
Necessity compels me.
Make scrutiny through the passages
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate.
ECHO. *O, fly your fate.*
DELIO. Hark! the dead stones seem to have pity on you,
And give you good counsel.
ANTONIO. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.
ECHO. *Thou art a dead thing.*
ANTONIO. My duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly. O heaven,
Shall I never see her more?
ECHO. *Never see her more.*

But it is impossible by mere quotation and reference to do justice to the infinite variety of the illusions of sound employed by the earlier dramatists. At the end of the seventeenth century, James Wright, in his *Historia Histrionica*, remarks:

> It is an argument of the worth of the plays and actors of the last age, and easily inferred that they were much beyond ours in this, to consider that they could support themselves merely from their own merit, the weight of the matter, and the goodness of the action, without scenes and machines.

But the need of these "scenes and machines" with which the modern stage is so abundantly supplied was not felt when by the skilful use of all the means within their power the author and the actor were able to overcome the difficulties of their art and make the drama fulfil its highest purpose, the stimulating of the imagination.

Poor Elizabeth

A True Story

By G. E. Wyatt

MR. BURFORD, the eminent K.C., and his wife, had been temporarily parted. He had been on circuit in the north, and she had been paying visits to friends and relations in various parts of the country. They arranged to return to London—Redcliffe Square, where they lived—on the same day in February.

Mrs. Burford arrived first, late in the afternoon, and on inquiry found that her husband had not yet come, so she proceeded to her room, unpacked, and then dressed for dinner. She was ready rather early, and went down to arrange some flowers she had brought back with her. The butler told her that her husband had only returned a few minutes before, and had run hastily up to his dressing-room.

About twenty minutes passed.

"That really is quite a success," murmured Mrs. Burford; "I will take these with me, Robins," and she ascended the stairs, glass of roses in her hand.

"Hallo, Blanche, how are you?" cried her husband, as he ran down from the upper regions and entered the drawing-room. He had just time to cross the room and greet his wife, when the door was thrown open, and Robins, mumbling a name no one could catch (very unlike his usual method of announcement) ushered a lady and gentleman into the room.

"Some one Blanche has met unexpectedly, I suppose. I wish to goodness Robins had spoken out, instead of keeping their name a secret. I wonder who on earth they are," pondered the host.

"Some of Harry's many friends," thought the lady. "How I wish he wouldn't invite people to 'pot-luck' on the very night of our return. I only hope there will be dinner enough."

The visitors advanced with a sort of subdued eagerness, and shook hands with a kind of purposeful cordiality.

"I hope we are not late," said the gentleman, "but I happened to be detained at a meeting."

"Dinner is served," announced Robins, speaking this time with immense clearness, now that a mere whisper would be unmistakable.

The meal was very pleasant. Mr. Burford had travelled a good deal, and so had his guest; and Mrs. Burford found the wife interested in many projects she was herself trying to help. In an unobtrusive way both host and hostess tried to find out something about the strangers, but with no success. At last the moment came for Mrs. Burford to lead her visitor to the drawing-room, and they departed upstairs.

As Mr. Burford returned from shutting the door, the visitor sat down by him with an air of determination, poured out a glass of port, and said in a slow, rather nervous voice:

"Now, it seems to me, the time has come for us to settle what to do about poor Elizabeth."

A barrister is not often non-plussed, and Mr. Burford, of course, kept absolutely calm, and showed no surprise. He remained silent a few moments, and then said:

"I would rather not touch on the matter this evening."

He spoke so deliberately and with such an air of finality, that the stranger clearly felt constrained to agree. He bowed.

"Really?" he said, "I am sorry—very sorry," and he emptied his wineglass slowly.

A somewhat awkward pause ensued. Then Mr. Burford referred again to other experiences he had gone through—some of them rather wonderful—and he and the stranger were soon as absorbed as before in reminiscences and past adventures.

The rest of the evening was quite calm. Mr. Burford suggested bridge, and a very exciting rubber was played—and then a return one. At the end of the latter, the gentleman looked at the clock in dismay.

"We must go at once," he said; "we have stayed, I fear, very late; it has been such a pleasant evening.

Might your man call us a taxi? We did not order the car."

One was summoned, and with great cordiality the new friends departed.

"And now, Blanche," said the barrister, as the drawing-room door closed, "for heaven's sake tell me who they are. *I* don't know, and as far as I am aware, I never saw them before."

"Good gracious, Harry! Why, I thought, of course, they must be *your* friends—two of your 'pot-luck' invitees. What an extraordinary, incomprehensible thing!"

The door opened, and in came Robins.

On a salver lay a white packet, which he presented to Mr. Burford. It was a fat envelope, and on it was written no address, but only the words:

For Poor Elizabeth.

Burford tore open the envelope.

It contained ten £5 notes.

Robins was in the act of leaving the room, but he could not be said to be hastening, and when his master shouted "Robins," he turned back with great alacrity.

"Robins," said Mr. Burford, "what was the name of that lady and gentleman? You spoke so indistinctly that we could not hear it."

"Which I couldn't catch it myself, sir. I asked the gentleman twice, too—a h'act I disapprove—it looks careless—but it was some sort of a long name—double barrelled, as they say, rather outlandish, I thought—anyway, not one as frequents us often."

Dying to know more, as no explanation seemed forthcoming, Robins had to depart finally now, and Mr. and Mrs. Burford looked at one another.

"It is a rum go," said the former at last—"one of the oddest I have ever encountered, and I have experienced a fair number. I must spend the rest of an exciting career in hunting for 'Poor Elizabeth.' I can advertise, no doubt, and say I have this money in my possession, and no wastepaper basket made will hold the answers which will come. But I doubt if I can ever find Poor Elizabeth."

And he never could.

Painted Potsherds

By Dorothy Mackay

"An Arab selling 'antikers,' sahib. Will you see him?"

Our Iraqi houseboy stood before us as we sat outside our mud-brick huts beneath the ruined temple tower. The long-tasselled corners of the black and white headkerchief, bound about his brows by a kind of double halo of black camel's-hair, fluttered gently in the breeze. On the end of a long deal table loaded with the day's finds, he deftly set out the tea that is so welcome after many hours in broiling sunshine amid flying clouds of dust. The roll had been called, the "backsheesh" due to the various gangs for the objects they had found had been assessed, and men and boys were streaming away across the flat plain, hastening home to their various villages of round-topped reed-matting huts, with picks and shovels, baskets and water-jars. Their cheery shouts and laughter still filled the air, for the Iraqi is inveterately cheerful, even though half choked with the fine dust of his country, which whitens even his eyelashes.

At this hour, when the western sky flames with sunset and afterglow, the members of an archæological expedition gather together for a short respite before beginning the evening's work. For, after digging is finished, there are plans to draw of the portion of the ruins excavated during the day. There are the portable finds to be cleaned, examined, catalogued and drawn to scale—work which may take up to midnight on a particularly fortunate day. For nothing must be left over to the morrow, if it can possibly be avoided, or hopeless confusion would result.

"Yes, bring him here."

It is well to look at all "antikers" offered, even though, as I have seen, they may take the form of door-knobs or china dolls with painted eyes and hair. Where an Arab sheikh obtains such things and why he genuinely imagines them to be "antikers" is a mystery. But not for worlds would one laugh when they are offered in all good faith.

An Arab appeared from the servants' quarters, where with Oriental patience and disregard of time he had probably been waiting for several hours, smoking endless cigarettes and drinking coffee. As he approached, he dived into the bosom of his tattered gown for a package

done up in a bit of dirty Bokhara silk. We watched with polite indifference while he undid it. An interesting face his, with a short beard, inscrutable, and with too independent an air to be that of a townsman. But when at last the contents of the package came to light, our attention fairly leapt to what he had to show, though outwardly we still remained indifferent. Not for anything would we have let our visitor see what excitement his handful of broken fragments produced within us. An Arab does not immediately tell the true source of his finds to those who greatly desire to know.

A few small bits of potsherd painted red and black, a few archaic characters on scraps of broken clay tablets. That was all. Nothing was whole—nor even nearly so. We passed the fragments from hand to hand, shaking our heads over their failure to piece together. But they told a tale of a settlement possibly even more ancient than the mighty city on which the expedition was engaged, itself dating back well-nigh six thousand years.

"But these are all broken. Have you nothing whole?"

From a small saddle-bag, the Arab produced a strange pottery object, the size and shape of a pork pie, decorated with notches round the upper edge. It was solid. It was weighty. And the top was blackened with marks of burning. We passed it round the little group and put it down; we had not seen such a thing before.

"Where did you get these fragments? Can you bring anything whole from the same place; anything worth while?"

"By the will of Allah, sahib, I will try. But it is five hours' journey hence."

Three days later the Arab reappeared, with three or four jars this time that would gladden the eyes of artists as well as archæologists, and most desirable as museum pieces. There were more fragments of broken tablets bearing archaic characters, which when cleaned would, even if incomplete, forward knowledge of the earlier form of the Sumerian language. A proud and well satisfied man, he went off with a liberal "backsheesh." For Ali Daoud, one of the most expert of the Arab diggers, who can distinguish decayed mud-brick wall from the apparently exactly similar soil by the mere feel of it beneath his pick, knew the man, knew where were the

tents of the small sub-tribe to which he belonged. He had heard rumours, too, of mounds full of "antikers" such as the Arab had brought to camp.

At sunrise next morning, Ali Daoud set off on horseback, with a trusted companion and a good supply of food and water, to seek out and verify the spot. In three more days the precious hoard of painted potsherds and broken tablets in the little mud-brick room that we dignified by the name of museum was increased. And we had learned that the desert between us and our El Dorado was passable for a Ford. We got one from the nearest town to take us into the great unknown, the wide unexplored desert region between us and the River Tigris. It had to be the best that was available, for it was important, nay, almost vital, that it should not break down. We loaded it with all the water that it could carry besides our three selves, Ali, and the Iraqi driver. We took petrol for far more than the estimated distance in case we might lose our way. And off we set.

One canal filled with water would have to be crossed, and a word overnight to the local sheikh had caused it to be temporarily filled in at a convenient spot with desert scrub covered with earth. We approached across a wide flat piece of ground, hideous in its grey monotony, sprinkled with broken potsherds of the same hue and fragments of flint implements of the remote past. But that piece of ground is fascinating; after a shower of rain, not only does one pick up an occasional cylinder seal, but one can trace out long walls, nay, whole buildings with their doorways and door-jambs, all set out with mathematical precision, owing to the different rates of drying of mud-brick and the surrounding earth. One day, it is to be hoped, that ground will yield up the secrets of its past under the excavator's pick and shovel.

Though it was *Yom el gum'a*, the Moslem day of rest and prayer, three Arabs stood by with their long-handled pointed spades, ready to demolish the little causeway when we should have passed. For they were busy irrigating the field of barley beyond the field of ruins, and would remake the causeway against the time of our return at sunset. We all got out, except the driver, to lighten the weight of the car on the soft earth of the causeway—but, even so, it stuck. The driver backed and charged again. The gallant little car pulled through, though at the

weirdest angle. The spirit of a Ford is indomitable. In the outlying places of the world, the most ancient of Fords still do yeoman service, though doorless, bonnetless, and with the relics of the hood tied down with string.

We packed ourselves in once more, and renewed our journey in crabwise and perilous fashion over the banks of an ancient canal of unknown history, but probably abandoned and left dry since the days of Timur the Lame. It was the destruction of the irrigation system of Mesopotamia by the Mongols, and their general massacre of its population, which finally reduced to ruin one of the richest countries of the world. Turkish inefficiency did not destroy Iraq; it merely prevented the country rising once more from the ashes of its dead past.

For a mile or more we passed along between the banks of that ancient canal and a field of barley fed by a runnel of water from the modern canal that we had crossed. Here and there a solitary Arab stopped to watch us pass, leaning on the spade with which he was digging shallow channels to direct the water to every portion of the field. For the size of the field, the number of workers seemed woefully small. One of the greatest difficulties of Iraq at the present day is the small number of her population. Of the industry of the "fellahi" at any rate, and their willingness to work under good leadership, there can be no question to those who have come in close touch with them. In no other excavations has more work been accomplished, man for man, than in Iraq, nor with greater cheerfulness. The Iraqi of the country regions has a natural sense of humour. Wherever two or three are gathered together the sound of laughter is almost always heard. On those occasions, when discussions become loud and heated, you may be sure that the subject of conversation is money. If you listen for a moment, you will inevitably hear the words "rupee" and "anna."

It was the first time that a crop had been grown on that particular area for a very long time past—probably for centuries. And the shortness of the straw bore witness to the salting of the soil that follows on long periods of drought and disuse. This season, other conditions being equal, there will be a better crop; and next, a better still. We have seen the process in four seasons round about the expedition camp. For Iraq is a fertile country; not otherwise could she in days of old have

attained the eminence of being mistress of the world. Our "bag-and-baggage" politicians seem strangely oblivious to the teachings of history. Nor should ordinary common sense allow them to expect the victim of a wasting disease to recover his full strength the instant the disease is checked. Iraq needs time to recover from the devastating blows of the Mongol invasions and slow decay under Turkish bondage. But, given time, patience and some prospect of security, she should become as rich and prosperous a land as Egypt—as she once was for centuries longer than England herself has known the advantages of civilization.

Beyond the last limit of the "cultivation," we seemed to plunge all at once into a strange new world, where all was mirage and unreality. The very suddenness of the change was startling. We marvelled at the difference made to the scenery by the presence or absence of a thin scatter of indifferent corn, a runnel of water and an Arab or two working on the land. They were things of reality that connected us with ordinary human life. Now all around we beheld an immense flat waste of fine greyish-yellow alluvial soil sprinkled with tiny pebbles, which made hard and excellent running for the car, whose very speed added to the sense of unreality. The horizon, shimmering with mirage, resembled a vast unbroken circle of quick-silver, which shut us completely away from the world—the solid, substantial world of realities that we knew. At intervals above this strange encircling zone, long, low islets seemed to float in the sky. No vegetation was to be seen except occasional low mimosa-like scrub, against which the driving desert winds had piled dune-like heaps of fine grey sand, so that, wherever we had to cross a patch of scrub, our progress was slow and very jerky.

Low mounds and ancient canal banks, at first glance all exactly alike, were all that broke the dead monotony, and for some time I wondered how Ali picked his way. He evidently recognized landmarks of some kind, for every now and then he thrust a hand forward indicating to the driver that he must bear more to right or left. Then, as I watched to see what change our movement made in the shape of the floating islets, understanding suddenly broke upon me. They were the tops of actual mounds, at a distance, probably, of from three to five miles. They were as solid as the earth above which they apparently floated, but upon which they really

stood. Their bases were, quite simply, rendered invisible by the shimmering heat which rose from the soil. Even after one of these apparent islands drew right in from the horizon, its base appeared to be washed by a pool of water, aptly named by the Arabs *Bahr esh Sheitan* ("the Devil's sea"). At our nearer approach this pool suddenly disappeared, as at the blink of an eye.

The whole of my preconceived ideas of mirage as a reflection of distant scenes called for immediate revision. It would be interesting to study the relations between the distance of the object when first seen and its height and the distance at which the Devil's Pool vanishes so suddenly and silently away. As each mound ceased to be part of the mirage before us and drew near, it was strange to mark how its height and importance of aspect diminished. In a desert a low shrub is a large bush until you approach it; a boulder is a rugged mass of rock.

We tarried to examine the surfaces of those mounds near which we passed, for every fragment of pottery, brick or flint lying upon a mound in Mesopotamia tells its tale. And in the wide and utterly flat Valley of the Two Rivers there is no mound that is not a relic of the human activities of the past. It represents all that is left of some city, town, or village, teeming with activity, full of the joy and sorrow of life. On some, potsherds of brilliant blues and greens have with undimmed lustre withstood the dazzling sun and burning heat through all the centuries since Parthian and Persian supremacy over that historic land. Fragments of such glorious colouring, collected and set in cement, would make a flooring of unrivalled beauty in a country where cool floors and occasional rugs are preferable to heavy carpets.

The farther we went the more the frequency of the mounds forced itself upon us. And each had its canal, long since dried up and derelict, to bring water from larger canals and ultimately from the great rivers. It is not surprising, after what we saw, to read that the canal system of the ancients provided through communication by water between the Euphrates and the Tigris. That district, which is now so lonely, and which probably no white woman but myself has visited for many centuries, must once have been thickly populated. I tried to picture its appearance in those far-off times, when probably willows lined the banks of the canals, and palm groves and orchards of apricot, orange, and pomegranate

broke the monotony of the flat plains and exorcized the devil of the mirage. The aspect of the country then must have been very similar to that of the Nile Delta at the present day.

From the limit of the cultivation we had seen only one human figure in about a twelve-mile run, a solitary Arab tramping barefooted with clothes girded about his loins, his water-jar slung upon his back. Ali apologized that we were unable to give him a lift in our crowded car. *Ma yakhalif* ("It matters not"), he replied, and sturdily tramped on. He had not expected to see a car at all in that lonely waterless waste, where probably no car had ever been—unless, by chance, during the war.

Soon two or three long, low, black goat's-hair tents appeared at the foot of a large mound, called by Ali the "Hill of the Flea." No, this was not the mound whence came the coloured potsherds. We stopped, however, beside the tents while Ali held brief converse with the headman of the little sub-tribe dwelling there. Immediately, out rushed every child and dog either to gape or bark at us. The children's curiosity soon relaxed into smiles, and bit by bit they drew nearer, until with a sudden accession of boldness first one and then another darted forward to touch the car and then, half-frightened, darted back to a safer distance. The dogs, finding us welcomed in friendliness by their masters, ceased to bare their glistening teeth and withdrew in sullen silence.

The next half mile was one of desperate bumping. For a slight dampness of the soil in a scarcely perceptible depression, where a brackish water-hole provides barely sufficient for the wants of three or four families, has produced a growth of scrub and its attendant little dunes. Thoroughly shaken up, we were glad to leave the car when we reached our El Dorado, a long, low mound named Jamdet Nasr.

To the distant view, the mound differed in no wise from all the other mounds around. But the types of pottery and the script upon the broken tablets were illuminating to the expert eye. They promised much of interest when the site had been systematically dug, examined and surveyed, both to the reader and transcriber of the Sumerian script and to the field archæologist, whose interest lies rather in the buildings and technique of the ancient peoples. For as medicine is divided into two camps—surgery and the physician's art—so do

students of the past tend to become specialists in either the language and literature or the practical side of the life of the ancients.

To the story of an immense statue that exists somewhere in the mound—had not part of it been seen by Omran's wife's cousin's friend, who had buried it up again ?—we paid but little heed. Even though six men would scarcely be able to move it. Every archæologist has heard such tales.

Though evidently abandoned at a very early date, Jamdet Nasr can have had no mean history. For, as well as the painted potsherds, there was also a piece of pavement on the surface of the mound of the large, square bricks of Nebuchadnezzar's time. The history of that lonely mound, over and finished before the time of Christ, must have been immensely longer than that of England, ere it was abandoned to oblivion all those centuries ago. It seemed almost unseemly to disturb its peace with the buzzing of a Ford.

Among the relics of the long distant past that I gathered from the surface of the mound, I bore away the only flower that I had seen for weeks, the tiny pinkish blossom of a curious woody shrub two or three feet high. That part of Mesopotamia is characterized by a singular dearth of flowers. Even in the brief spring season I found only two annuals, a thistle and a euphorbia, in the neighbourhood of the camp, which attained to as much as a foot in height. Small plants there were of those cosmopolitan orders, the *cruciferæ* and *compositæ*, but so tiny for lack of water and so widely scattered as not even to give a film of green to the desert soil.

While my husband and his colleague paced out the mound, took the compass bearings, and made contour plans, I walked to a little distance. And from one spot I took a series of photographs which, pieced together, make an interesting panorama of lonely desolation, wherein our Ford looks almost an impertinence. Our rough preliminary survey made, we ate our lunch in the shade of the car, for though we were still in the winter months, the mid-day sun was very hot. Then we hastily started off on our return to camp. For clouds were beginning to bank up; and to be caught in a dust storm or even rain would have spelled disaster. In the one case, we could not have found our way in the extraordinary absence of any recognizable landmark. In the other, we

should have been hopelessly bogged. No mud that I have ever met with elsewhere has the awful stickiness of that of "Mespot."

Ere we had travelled far, our driver suddenly put on speed. A line of gazelle, galloping parallel with us on our left, roused all his native love of emulation. Before his ardour could be checked, one wheel of the car ran into a little bank of sand and only the intervention of a kindly Providence prevented its overturning. Again we saw gazelle after another two or three miles, but no other living creature, save an occasional desert lizard and a long-legged greyish beetle. Though ostriches are known to exist in the Arabian deserts, there are apparently none in Iraq. Foxes, hyenas, and jackals rarely venture out before nightfall, though I have seen all three animals by day. The lion of Mesopotamia, which appears in the well-known hunting scenes of the Assyrian sculptures and was even known in the time of the explorer Layard, is now extinct; though a few old greybeards remember seeing captive specimens, our Iraqi houseboy told me.

Then, all on a sudden, a large dark oval patch appeared upon the sky, floating a little distance above the horizon—for all the world like a child's air balloon, but without its colour. It puzzled us. What mound had we passed on the outward journey of that size and shape? Then it dawned upon the three of us simultaneously. We were nearer home than we thought; and as we raced on, the balloon resolved itself into the top of the ruined stage-tower that rears itself like a great landmark—the only one for many miles—above our camp.

Broad smiles greeted us when we reached the little causeway over the canal. It had just been completed once more, and we had not kept the diggers from the comfort of their evening meal of goat's-flesh stewed over a fire of desert scrub and dried sheep's-dung. They were also pleased to see those mad "antiker"-hunters back in safety. For since they have realized that we are not hunting for gold, our neighbours have regarded us with friendly tolerance. We give them money in return for ancient bones, broken pots, and bits of flint and copper. And does not Allah protect those who are short of wits?

Our gallant little Ford once more charged the loose bank of earth—this time with immediate success—and bore us back to camp and to a comfortable English tea in our dug-out dining-room.

The Madness of the Marquis

By L. I. Crawford

THE last of the furniture had gone out to the waiting carts; the big cases, in which the old man's expert fingers had packed the china and glass, seemingly haphazard, but in reality with such skill that not a plate would arrive broken, had preceded it. The echoing rooms of the house now contained nothing but wisps of straw, scraps of paper, empty medicine bottles, and odds and ends not worth removing. The wife of the outgoing tenant took a final turn through her late residence, with the old packer at her heels.

Behind the door of one of the bedrooms hung the remains of a drill tunic, originally bought at Ordnance in Basra during the war, and degraded successively from golf links to garden. "The *patron* does not require this any more?" queried the old man in Spanish. "No? Then I will take it, if I may, *señora*. And these old shoes, *tampoco?* And also this—this article?" He held up a battered golf-bag, strapless, and beyond repair.

The Englishwoman looked amused. "What will you do with that?" she inquired.

"Oh, it will come in useful," he replied, with a wave of his hand. He bowed respectfully; his client inclined her head, and Giovanni Valdarno, Marchese del Ferice, the best furniture remover in Valparaiso, went away, clutching his grotesque salvage.

He is a genuine marquis, with a name writ clear on many pages of history only dimly known to him. His pedigree stretches back in an unbroken line for hundreds of years; Valdarnos have sat at the right hands of kings, and have helped to elect popes. But it is tolerably certain that not one of that distinguished crowd could have packed china like Don Giovanni; in that, at least, he is the greatest of them all.

His father was a scatter-brained noble of inconsiderable moral fibre, whose only memorable characteristic seems to have been a really marvellous aptitude for backing the losing side, in the days when all Italy had to take one side or the other. The Marchese Giuseppe was no fiery partisan, giving up everything for a cause;

he supported several, and appeared to ask nothing of any party except that it should be unsuccessful, attaching himself to Garibaldi, the French, and the Austrians impartially. His lack of discrimination forced him out of Italy at last with nothing except his title, and for a long time this recruit to the great army of Italian *nobili decaduti* led a precarious life; the upbringing of a Valdarno did not include any accomplishments whatever that could be applied to the provision of daily bread. In course of years he drifted to Valparaiso, where he found shelter under the roof of the Hotel Ingles, which still stands, a dingy anachronism, on one side of the Plaza Sotomayor; he did not inhabit the State apartments, but an attic under the rafters, and his office was vested in the cleaning of boots. In short, he was a *mozo*.

Valparaiso was a very remote place then, a backwater which harboured all sorts of human driftwood; the Panama Canal and the Transandine Railway were fifty years in the future, and the town was not as it is now, a South American Zenith full of exotically named Babbitts. In those days it was a place where nobody cared what you had been in other hemispheres; on the contrary, an interest in anyone's past was considered the worst form of tactlessness. No doubt it seemed to the unhappy Marquis the last rung on the social ladder, as indeed it was, and in his fallen state he turned to such consolation as he could find. Amongst the staff of the Hotel Ingles there was a pretty chambermaid, whose Araucanian blood was only slightly tinctured—if at all—with the strain of the *Conquistadors*. She was one of those women who seem born for the mothering of some lame duck or other, and she found her destiny in the strayed scion of the Valdarnos. They were married in due form, and retired to a two-roomed mud hut surrounded by towering geraniums and the picturesque squalor of an Indo-Latin slum, on the hillside above the port. The Marchesa took in washing; the Marchese gave up cleaning boots, and it is not recorded that for the rest of his life he ever did any work. He used to sit in the shade of the hut, smoking Toscanos—those bitter Italian cheroots with a straw down the middle—when he could afford them, and staring interminably with his

vague eyes out to sea. Perhaps he saw, somewhere, the wreck of a once stately ship.

His son, the only issue of the union, spent the ordinary childhood of the Chilian slum-born, rolling on the floor of the *rancho* and chasing on unsteady legs the poultry which had the freedom of the dwelling. Education for the masses was not dreamed of then in South America, and his mother thought it a great achievement that he learnt to read and write, which was more than she had ever done; what his father thought he did not mention, and perhaps it is kinder not to speculate upon the matter. When the young man arrived at adolescence, he became a *mozo* in the house of a family for whom his mother washed. At what date his latent gift for furniture removal burgeoned forth it is difficult to say; he is now an institution, and like all such appears to have been functioning since the beginning of things. For thirty-five years at least he has plied his present trade, at which he has no peer. He is a magician at the shifting of households, and the wandering English, who think nothing of a move of six hundred or a thousand miles, do not dream of employing anyone else. He will pack your *Lares* and *Penates* into a ten-ton truck on the State railways, perch among them like an old rooster, and deliver them intact down to the butter-knife, after the long four-day journey to Concepcion in the south—no mean achievement in a country where pilfering is a high art.

His noble rank is known, but his associates regard it with an unconcern all too unusual in a democracy. They call him, shortly and sweetly, Carne Seca, or "Dried Meat." It is a comprehensible nickname, for he is a wizened, desiccated little old man, and must in his time have been a wizened, desiccated little young man, but that is so long ago that nobody remembers it now. He always appeared old, and he never appears older; perhaps it is the constant association with straw and crates which so strongly evokes the thought of hens in connection with his meagre person and nictitating, weak eyes. His hobby is the snapping up of unconsidered trifles; nothing pleases him so much as the acquisition of detritus from the domestic upheavals he superintends,

which he scrupulously asks permission to impound, however worthless the article; what he does with his extraordinary treasure-trove nobody knows.

He has no children, but has twice been married. His first venture seems to have been ordinary enough, but his second was a romance. He was getting on then, and, as modern writers have discovered, the middle-aged man is the ideal hero of emotional adventure. All the *barrio* took an interest in the wooing of Carne Seca. His *inamorata* was a sewing-woman, and twenty years his junior; she was scarcely beautiful as the world at large judges beauty, but Love is notoriously blind, and the Marchese had weak eyes at the best of times. He wooed her long, for she was coy, and appeared to be unaffected by the lure of his wealth, which was reputed to be substantial, for he was a frugal little man, obviously of the saving sort. At length, however, he bestirred himself in real earnest. He knew he was no longer a boy, but he did his best to remedy the ravages of time: one fine day he appeared in a brand-new set of false teeth, and these flashing molars dazzled the heart of the damsel into subjection. So they were married, and there was a notable *fiesta* in the bridegroom's *rancho* on the wedding-day; the orchestra, which consisted of a man with a mandoline, played continuously, all through the night, a tune of two notes endlessly repeated, and the guests danced the *cueca* until the dawn found them dizzy and exhausted, but happy.

That is many years ago now, and there is no longer any ostensible disparity in age between the Marchese and his consort. She considers herself a lucky woman, as well she may. Her *viejo* is in a sense a public man, and has none of the shortcomings of her neighbours' husbands; the only foible of his at which she is disposed to cavil is his habit of bringing home his peculiar *bric-à-brac*, of which the *rancho* is as full as a pawnshop. Only once has he given her anxiety, and that was a terrible time; but, thank the Blessed Virgin, it is past and done with, and he has shown no symptoms of wishing to repeat the escapade.

. . . . . .

It all began with the acquisition of the top hat.

The Marquis had been removing the effects of a high official in the Anglo-South American Bank, who was going away to manage a branch somewhere else. This gentleman had had occasion to attend weddings and funerals, and so he had a top hat, but he had never remembered to buy a hat box for the porterage of the same. His wife reminded him of this necessity every day for a fortnight before their departure, with the monotonous reiteration of married life, and the more she reminded him, the more impatiently he greeted her reminder and the more inevitably he forgot the matter. Wherefore, when the house was empty and the carts were laden, there, on the floor of the principal bedroom, reposed the hat.

"Oh, dear!" said the lady. "What a pity! Now, what on earth can we do with that?"

Few articles are so perishable as a silk hat. It lay on the floor, immaculate and glossy, at once impressive in its solid respectability and pathetic in its fragility. The journey was to be made by sea, and the Marquis was not accompanying the baggage to its destination, or he would have taken charge of the problem without more ado; he took a pride in his work, and would have undertaken the conveyance of a canary, a plant in a pot, or, indeed, of any form of human *impedimenta* short of a baby. "Could not the *patron* wear the hat on the journey?" he suggested.

The lady had a transient vision of her husband being rowed ashore through the seal-haunted surf of Antofagasta in a tall hat. "I'm afraid not. It would not be comfortable," she said, repressing her emotion. "We shall have to leave it behind."

The old man's eyes glistened. "In that case, perhaps the *señora* will allow me to have it?" he remarked ingratiatingly.

"Oh, certainly," agreed the lady. "Take it, by all means. It is a good hat."

It was a good hat. Even the Marchesa, who usually sniffed at her husband's professional gleanings, had to admit as much, though what it could be used for she could not think. Nobody in the *barrio* wore a *tarro de unto*—a soot-pot, as the expression was. Her husband,

however, tried it on and glanced at himself in a smeary mirror so short of mercury that it had been abandoned by one of his clients. He saw his features, albeit indistinctly, transfigured under the superior headgear—an aristocratic-looking face altogether. In that moment the virus entered his veins. "*Por dios!*" he remarked, turning this way and that.

"What is the matter?" inquired his wife, who was cooking *puchero* over a brazier of charcoal.

"It suits me," replied the Marquis, preening himself.

"Juan, you are an old fool," observed the Marchioness dispassionately. "Get to table. The food is ready."

However, the Marchese's train of thought continued to smoulder. He put the hat in a safe place, and from time to time, when he was alone, he tried it on. With a little paper tucked round the band, it fitted very well; he became increasingly impressed with his own potential gentility. His wife noticed that something was amiss with him, but had no suspicion of the truth. It came as the greater shock to her.

"Pancha," remarked the furniture-remover one evening, as he sat at supper. "You know that I am of noble blood?"

"*Claro!*" remarked his spouse, ladling out another spoonful of seaweed soup and blowing on it with energy. "All the world knows you are a marquis, *viejo*."

The old man nodded. "The Valdarnos are great people in Italy. Once I met a man, a sailor from an Italian ship, who came from Novieto—that is the town of the Valdarnos. He told me many interesting things."

The Marchesa del Ferice went on blowing her soup.

"Never in my life have I heard from my relatives in Italy," said the old man regretfully.

"Well, my old one, that is not so curious," observed his wife. "They have never heard from you, either."

"True. Perhaps it has not been respectful, and they are not pleased with me. However, I intend to change all that."

"How, then, *por dios*?" His wife looked up, genuinely interested.

"I have the intention of going to visit my relatives," observed the Marchese with elaborate unconcern. "After

all, we are comfortably off. Why should we not assume our rightful position? Perhaps, who knows? we might even go and live in Italy."

His wife was horrified. "What! At your time of life, going on a wild-goose chase like that? You must be mad." And, indeed, she thought the *viejo* must be getting feeble-minded at last. She was no psycho-analyst; how was she to guess the hidden complexes that had been stimulated into activity by the subtle and sinister influence of the hat? "What have we to do with Italy? People like us, born and bred in Chile——"

But she raised every possible objection without avail. The imagination of the simple old furniture-remover, dormant for so many years, had been awakened. Heaven knows what crazy visions filled his ingenuous and uneducated mind, or what his conception of an Italian noble family may have been. Something after the style of Alice in Wonderland, no doubt. But he was stubborn in his purpose, with the deaf stubbornness of age; and so he went, to the stupefaction of his neighbours.

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In due course the Marchese del Ferice sat in a stuffy third-class carriage, racketing northwards beside the Tiber through the Umbrian fields. The grain, between the stone-built farms of the land, stood a little over a foot high, bright with smears of crimson poppies, and the train puffed and panted past orchards of fruit trees, with vines trailing from trunk to trunk. In the distance were mountains blotched with vineyards and olive groves, hazy in the hot Italian sunshine.

The Marchese surveyed these things with the smile of a pleased child. There had been incidents in the long journey which had almost inclined him to repent his enterprise—in particular that eternal three-day gale in the Atlantic, when the ship had converted itself into a sort of violent recurring waterfall, and the old man would willingly have bartered all his noble connections for a few square feet of solid ground. That, however, was past—lost and forgotten in the teeming impressions of the Eternal City. Rome! What a place, *por dios!* The Marchese had never imagined anything like it. He had

always considered himself a townsman as a matter of course, holding Valparaiso to be much the same as any other city. Rome was unexpected and stupefying, but he had felt, through all his other emotions, a swelling sensation of pride. This was a great nation, and his name was not the least in its annals.

The train drew into Novieto Station, and the old man descended clumsily from his compartment. Novieto was not arranged to suit the convenience of railway engineers; it was built in the days when the harder a town was to get into, the better for its citizens. It stands upon a crag, house upon house in an intricate cluster culminating in the great bulk of the Duomo. The best the railway can do is to leave you at the foot of the steep. The Marchese del Ferice trotted out with his handbag to the little sunbaked square before the station, and hailed a *vettura* in his halting Italian.

The driver, bowing his fare with ceremony into the vehicle, bestowed a humorous wink on his fellow-jarveys. In these days of American tourists in horn rims and Mackinaws, and English tourists for whom, sartorially speaking, a foreign tour only just forestalls a jumble sale, it takes a good deal to attract the attention of an Italian cabman. The Marchese, however, was a notable figure. He still wore upon his head, somewhat the worse for the vicissitudes of travel, the ominous silk hat of the English bank-manager which had started this mischief. His other garments were likewise ceremonial, and though they were not recruited from among the magpie hoard in the *rancho* at Valparaiso, they very well might have been. A frock-coat made for a much larger man flapped about his lean shanks; a false front adorned his chest, and rebelliously escaped ever and again from the confines of his waistcoat. His long, bony nose, his pallid, insignicant features, his wispy hair which had once been straw-coloured and was now white, his weak eyes blinking in the sunshine as he peered myopically about, all combined to impart a resemblance to an ancient and moulting fowl.

Arrived at an *albergo*, he fed comfortably, but frugally, on *macaroni* and good red country wine, and then sallied forth to find the house of his fathers. His bag he

left at the inn; no doubt he would be expected to install himself beneath the ancestral roof, but he felt that it would be in more delicate taste to pay his preliminary call on the head of the family in a formal way. He sauntered along the steep and tortuous street at a leisurely pace; eager though he was to enter upon his inheritance, he found a certain sensuous pleasure in deferring the moment, now that he was so near the end of his long journey. This was his town, the town of the Valdarnos; and now, as he walked amongst the unfamiliar sights and sounds, he had, perhaps, the happiest hour of his illusion. He felt a *seigneur*, a monarch in disguise; what would they say, all these good people, if they knew his name and rank?

It was market day in Novieto, and the *piazza* was full of the little stalls of the peasants under their green umbrellas. This did not attract the old man—it was very like Chile, after all—but the cool depths of the cathedral, so much richer and more elaborate than the churches of his own land, challenged his attention, and for a wondering space he stood before the bedecked image of St. Peter, resembling, with his trinket-hung, outstretched fingers, some vendor of pinchbeck jewellery turned into stone. Time was passing, however; he felt that he had better complete his errand. He ascertained, with some difficulty over the accent, the way to the Palazzo Valdarno.

The palace, when he found it, proved to be a massive square building flush upon the street, with huge columns in relief on the façade, and heavy *cornicione*. Over the great nail-studded double door, almost obliterated by time, was the device of the family, a complicated coat of arms of many quarterings. For the first time a faint misgiving attacked the heart of the Marchese; the Palazzo Valdarno did look so uncompromisingly formidable. He contemplated it dubiously for a time, like a new boy on his first day at school, hesitating to enter; he felt at once important and insignificant. Then he crossed the street and accosted the doorkeeper.

The latter received him with indifference, which rapidly changed to surprise as he read the pasteboard which the Marchese had had printed in Rome for just

this contingency. *Dio mio!* Giovanni Valdarno, Marchese del Ferice! The doorkeeper scratched a stubbly jaw with a doubtful forefinger, as he looked from the card to the queer figure which stood before him, staring about with an ingenuous smile. He had spent his life in the service of the family, and thought he knew all its wide ramifications; but who had seen a marquis of this sort? However, it was not for him to judge, and the visitor had the best of all passports to that gateway—the unmistakable Valdarno nose. He rang the bell for a footman.

The Marchese followed this resplendent though somewhat tarnished functionary across the inner courtyard, and up a chipped and cracked marble staircase into the house, impressed and pleased by all he saw. *Caramba!* This was a house! He had been in many houses in the way of business, but never one to equal this. The servant led him through half a dozen gloomy halls, along strips of carpet laid across cold marble floors. "Will your Excellency be pleased to wait?" he said at last.

The old man beamed. *Eccelenza*, hey? This was something like. He nodded acquiescence. "Tell your master that I am from South America," he said in his execrable Italian, and turned to examine the magnificences around him.

A coldly critical eye might have found the room something of a *morgue*. At one end of the bare hall there was a dais and a moth-eaten canopy, embroidered with the family arms. Straight-backed chairs were set against the walls, upholstered in damask from which the colours had almost faded. Big mirrors, in old-fashioned heavy frames built into the stone, reflected much cold marble, and the room was musty with disuse. It was about as hospitable as a larder, but the infatuated eye of the old man coloured everything with rose. *Caramba!* It was even more magnificent than he had expected. Steps sounded in the passage outside, the doors were flung open, and a tall, thin figure in formal black entered the apartment.

Don Lotario Valdarno, Prince of Valdarno—he had thirty or forty other titles besides—was of the old school of Italian nobility. Things are changing now in

Italy as elsewhere, and there is an increasing tendency for members of the aristocracy to enter into affairs—to compete with the vulgar. Don Lotario, however, was a diehard; he still clung to the old tradition that a noble can only acquire wealth with dignity by marriage, and that to someone of equal birth. The Valdarnos and other noble families had been living by taking in each other's matrimonial washing, as it were, for generations—half-crippling themselves to provide dowries, and then marrying themselves into the money again a decade or so later. In consequence they were becoming wretchedly poor. Prince Valdarno lived in genteel poverty at Novieto for most of the year, and a very dull time he had of it; the poorer he became, the more he hated the modern unruliness of the *plebs*, who obstinately would not stay where they belonged. He never considered taking any practical steps to remedy the matter, limiting his disapproval to silent contempt. As he saw it, he fulfilled his obligation to the world by being Prince Valdarno, and it was the world's business to support him properly—a duty regarding which it showed an ever-increasing impiety.

He had received the card of his kinsman with lively satisfaction. The identity of the visitor was no mystery to him; a hundred years is nothing in Italy, and the Marchese's father was still a current family scandal; the Prince could remember perfectly well the episode of his father's younger brother, who had got into difficulties at the time of the war and had been exiled and lost to sight. So, then, he had gone to America, it seemed. That was satisfactory. America, he knew, was a place where everybody was fabulously wealthy; no doubt this person, his uncle's son, was a man of plentiful fortune. A wave of joy filled the heart of the Prince Valdarno. He hastened down from his private apartment in the *piano nobile* to welcome his new-found relative.

Full of these pleasant anticipations, he entered the hall with an unwontedly brisk step. Then he stopped short. What was this? He stared incredulously at the figure before him. He saw, with increasing dismay, a little, grotesque old man, with red-rimmed eyes and ill-fitting false teeth, nodding and bowing ingratiatingly.

The visitor held in his hand a silk hat, ruffled like a duck's plumage in a wind, from beneath the inner band of which pieces of paper protruded indecently. The eye of the Prince took in, against the ironic background of the Valdarno crest on the canopy, the old furniture-remover's flapping frock-coat, his dickey (which had chosen this unfortunate moment to escape once more from the guardian waistcoat), his shapeless trousers. This was a queer American—an eccentric, evidently. The Prince forgot his manners in astonishment; he stared blankly over his patrician, bony nose.

The Marchese del Ferice, disconcerted by this frigid reception, ceased to smile. He became embarrassed; this was a little difficult, *por dios!* However, he pulled himself together, and, advancing across the marble floor, extended his hand, with a few stumbling remarks in the vilest Italian.

The Prince Valdarno removed his hypnotized gaze with an effort from the face of his visitor, and looked mechanically at the proffered hand, now emerged from its retirement in the sagging cuff of the frock-coat. His astonishment was succeeded by a cold rage. This was not the hand of a Valdarno! Calloused, worn, engrained with dirt, it was as unlike his own long, white hand with the tapering yellow nails as well could be. There were junior members of his family of whom the Prince did not approve, but not one of them was capable of an affront like this. It was the hand of a workman, an obscene thing to offer to the Prince of Valdarno in his own palace. The nobleman was breathless with disappointment and indignation.

He recovered his composure with an effort. "Turn this man out," he said thickly to the waiting servant. "He is an impostor." He stalked from the room without a backward glance.

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A few weeks later an old man took the funicular beside the Palacio de Justicia, and was hoisted up the hill above the blue waters of Valparaiso Bay. He still wore his frock-coat, but on his head was a straw hat, new and shining—the first hat the Marchese had purchased in many years; usually he relied on his trade for

his headgear. The woman at the turnstile took his *chaucha* with a smile, and a "*Como le va, Don Juan? Tanto tiempo que no le he visto!*" At the corner of the Calle San Enrique he met a cart loaded with furniture, and the carters greeted him with respectful effusion; he had employed them many times. In his own *barrio* the news of his return had preceded him, and every door had its friendly face. The small boys called "*Carne Seca!*" at his heels and fled, after their habit, and for once the old man did not shake his fist at them.

At the door of his own *rancho* he halted, and stood for a while looking at the familiar scene with blinking eyes. There, hanging from the rafters, was his collection —old garments, straps, broken walking sticks, ornaments, picture-frames. He could remember where he had gathered every one of them. The homely scent of charcoal smoke and garlic came gratefully to his nostrils. A crimson rose was budding on the plant in the rusty kerosene tin out in the little *patio* at the other side of the cottage; a hen, as well known to him as his wife herself, stalked across the threshold. A wave of some vague, but disturbing emotion rose to the throat of the Marchese.

His wife was stooping over the *bracero* as usual. She had not noticed him. "Pancha!" he said huskily.

She started. "*Mire! Es el viejo! Caramba*, how you startled me!" She hastened to the door with little cries of welcome, took his bag, and led him within. "What a time it is since you went away! We have had a *sin numero* of customers here in despair, asking when you would return. 'How are we to get on,' they said, 'with no Don Juan to move our things?'"

"Did they say that?" replied the old man, nodding with pleasure.

"Surely. You will be busy, I promise you that. And how did you find your noble family in Italy?"

The Marchese sat down heavily; he was tired. "It was all *magnifico—muy magnifico*," he said. "But, Pancha, one's home is where one has one's friends."

"*Claro!* Now to table. Supper is ready." The Marchese drew up a chair. A great contentment suffused his soul; he was cured of his madness.

Moribund

By Edith Garland Jayne

Thou hast a name that thou livest . . . and art dead.
—*Rev.* iii, 1.

WOODHAM-UNDER-THE-HILL—as I have known it for thirty years—is passing; and with it will go one of those perfect nooks of rural England which seem to have dropped out of the march of progress.

The little Berkshire village lies tucked away between two main roads, with its half-dozen farms, mostly laid down in pasture, its tiny, grey stone church brooding over a few square yards of sunken churchyard and guarded by some ancient yews, and a number of thatched cottages, some standing singly, others in twos and threes, each with its patch of garden back and front.

Whether in summer, with the heat haze shimmering the stubble and the thresher droning in the stack-yards; or winter, when the sun sets red in the frost fog at three in the afternoon, and the bare hedges are glowing scarlet and orange with hips and haws; or spring, with cuckoos and woodpigeons calling from the elms; or early autumn, when the long, golden rays of the low-slanting sun bathe the whole village in an unearthly light as it nestles against the slopes of Fox Hill—it is a dream of peaceful beauty, the typical English village of an exile's longing.

Antiquarians have puzzled over the queer place-names of the farms and fields: "Linens" and "Jarn," "Pounds," "Honeybottom," and "Jacky's Farm"; the village archives can provide no key to their origin.

To the untutored eye, Woodham has never looked so flourishing; the "duck-ladies"—as we call the enterprising promoters of the latest poultry-farm—have just moved into a brand new two-storied house on the piece of ground beyond the church. The County Council has almost completed a second quartet of eight rawly-red-brick cottages, primly rectangular, which positively

scream at the old, mellow, whitewashed buildings in their neighbourhood.

The near and the hither farmhouses are transformed into "gentlemen's residences," their gardens formally resplendent with the latest shades in snap—— no, *antirrhinums*; while up the hill and across the pastures, houses large and small, from the villa to the bungalow, each with its whirring artesian tower, witness to the gradual encroachment of town influences and the ubiquity of the motor-car.

Private cars and tradesmen's vans dash up and down, leaving long trails of petrol upon an atmosphere which, a few years ago, knew no scent but that of ripening corn or new-cut hay, or the clean fragrance of home-coming cows.

Every other cottage has a motor-bicycle—not infrequently two—leaning up against its gate.

The young men of Woodham no longer follow the plough, or work on the farm; why drudge for a weekly wage of from thirty to thirty-five shillings, when, for shorter hours, they can earn as much as five pounds in Morse's huge motor-works three miles away? In the whole village of five hundred souls there are now not more than three labourers born and bred to work on the land, and unable, in their later middle-age, to start afresh. Half a dozen bent, gnarled gaffers still haunt the farmyards, tending pigs, milking, hoeing; but even these minor tasks will soon be beyond their strength; and who is to replace them?

Still sooner, perhaps, the farms themselves will have passed out of cultivation as such; only two, and those small ones, are now worked by genuine farmers.

Our special crony, Mrs. Richards, who owns her cottage and potters in and out in a lilac sunbonnet, is very scornful of the new regime.

"These town tradesmen, they buy a farm and think they'll make their fortune by it; they say, 'We'll keep some cows and sell the milk and butter; and there'll be eggs from the fowls,' and they don't never seem to think as things don't happen by *theirsalves*; that someone as knows how must see *after* the cows and fowls proper, or there won't *be* no milk and eggs. They're *that* ignorant!

And then things goes wrong, and they gets disheartened, and next we hear farm's for sale to a builder."

Two farms have changed hands in this way within the last eighteen months; and it is only a matter of time before a third, in the heart of the village, follows suit, abandoned by the discouraged tenants, who have already given up any attempt at keeping it in order.

That will be the beginning of the end; the property will pass from hand to hand, till some enterprising builder snaps it up, and parcels it out into another half-dozen of little suburban residences.

As if such calamities were not enough, the old-established villagers are being sucked dry by a local Shylock, who, adding insult to injury, is one of themselves. "James William," as everyone calls him behind his back, put by a snug little fortune as a Thames pilot during the Great War, and he is gradually investing it in cottage property. Never a sale but James William is there, outbidding his rivals; and the cottage once his, up goes the rent.

The housing question is as acute in Woodham as elsewhere; and he knows that if one tenant quits, another will be only too ready to take his place. What between James William and the speculative builder, the native Woodhamites have an unenviably precarious tenure.

Well for the few thrifty ones who, like Mrs. Richards, have by careful saving and much forethought managed to buy their own cottages. Two or three of the few old thatched cottages are thus owned, and they are perhaps the last thatched roofs that Woodham will ever see, for the art is dying out, and the modern generation prefers tiles or slates. But the old thatch has a beauty of its own; a soft, velvety, tawny-brown, like the body of a bee, with deep umber shadows, and, here and there, the silvery-flaxen patch of a recent repair. The old-fashioned folk cling to their thatched roofs as they do to their feather beds: "They're always warm in winter and cool in summer."

There seems no way of preserving the character of the village; it is becoming little more than a dormitory, as the girls drift away to shops and offices in the nearest town, and the young men flock to the motor-factory or

find employment in the numerous builders' firms. Whist drives and dances in the Institute cannot long compete with the entertainments to be had within easy bicycling reach.

There is no squire, no resident parson; no one to take an intelligent interest in the little church school. The congregations on Sunday have dwindled to a mere handful; the very churchyard looks neglected, with long grass and rank weeds nearly obliterating all but a few of the graves.

The spiritual life of the village, never perhaps very enlightened, but at least manifested in an unquestioning and dutiful observance, seems to be dying out, and it looks as though no one short of a Wesley or a Whitefield could hope to revive it.

We are tempted to vow that each visit shall be the last, for fear that a day may come when we shall find, not the Woodham we have known and loved, but a modern suburb of the town which is creeping so menacingly nearer.

Progress inevitably entails some measure of destruction; but is it not a question whether this wholesale transformation of the villages, which have been for centuries the pride and have embodied the charm of our English countryside, deserves the name of progress at all?

> The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
> For the reed which grows nevermore again
> *As a reed*—with the reeds in the river.
>
> ("A Musical Instrument"—E. B. BROWNING.)

Back Turn My Feet

By Helen Sutherland

Back turn my feet along accustomed ways,
The dear ghost voices whisper welcome in my ears.
Back rush the hours, back the dancing days,
And swiftly as the ebbing tide flow back the years.
I see once more
The magic of blue waters rippling to a golden shore.

Familiar landmarks slip into the light—
My old child-self is beckoning gay, with wind-blown hair—
Hands clasped, the vision breaks upon my sight
Fiercer, more keen than pain, and powerful as prayer!
Unequalled view
Where Carrick and The Heads of Ayr rise veiled in morning blue!

Oh, Carrick Hill! is it the summer haze
That comes between your well-loved outline and my eyes,
And blurs your rounded beauty as I gaze
Into the quivering sapphire of the sun-bright skies?
Green Carrick Hill!
Long, long ago your spell has bound me—and it binds me still.

What should this heartache and these tear-stains mean?
And why should beauty ever mingled be with pain?
Stay close beside me, Child that I have been!
What the past years have lost me, help me to regain!
That when my feet
Have travelled on, my eyes will still behold the vision sweet.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

News from China

"What's the news from China?" asked Heddle. "My sister's boy is in the Hampshires in Shanghai."

"The news," answered Sergeant Murphy, "is that the Inthernational Frinds of Peace have passed eight resolutions in favour of China bein' given back to the Chinese, all debts to be remitted, all——"

"I don't mean that," said Heddle. "I mean about the war."

"For the moment," said the Sergeant, "the war is not on. There's an intherval between the innings. They're holdin' an auction of the different armies and all the war-lords are biddin' up to the limit to secure conthrol. An attimpt is bein' made to form a merger of the different intherests with a board of ginerals that would fill the Albert Hall, but agreement hasn't been come to yet.

"There was a knowledgeable man at the office today who's spint seven years in China, and I had a talk with him. He was explainin' to me how the Chinaman has at last been roused out of his lethargy.

"The ordinary Chinaman, it seems, has not known up till now that he stood for a united counthry agen the European oppressor. He was too busy earnin' a livin'. He only knew the bit of land around his own field, and whin a Chinaman from the north met wan from the south they backed from wan another, buttonin' their pockets hurriedly. So whin the fellahs that have been to Europe and America came to him and said, 'You're a slave beneath the harrow of the cloven hoof of Imperialism,' they thought it was a compliment and went on diggin' with a wooden spade.

"But whin the chap from Canton wint on to talk business, the other fellah pricked up his ears. He was told that China was crowded with foreign divils ownin' all sorts of property which they had stolen, be payin' for it, from the helpless native, and that if he rallied around the good old flag, he'd be well in the front seats when the disthribution came off.

"That did the thrick. The labourin' man took the oath and wint off to dhraw his ration of shark's fins, and

before he knew where he was he became a soldier of Gineral Bing. In a few months' time all China was infested with armies commanded be Fings, Tings, Lings, and the divil knows what. The giant had risen from his slumbers. China was awake.

"The first thing to do was to blood the throops be attackin' the Missionary settlements, and this was done with great gallanthry. But the pickin's was small, there were too many at the sharin' out, and number Wan-Four-Six-Seven Private Chu found that he hadn't enough money to sind home to keep the Chu family for wan day. That caused discontint among the rank and file, which was relieved for a while be a genial massacre of native Christians.

"Now, even a Chinaman must eat some time, so the Gineral decided that China should be self-supportin', and they billeted the throops wherever the counthry looked capable of producin' a square meal. They explained that it was wance more the fault of the foreign divil, and in the meanwhile they gave their note of hand for what they took.

"But with all thim generals and armies they soon ate up disthricts out of house and home, and as a result they began to march and countermarch in search of places where the bird's-nest soup was of superior quality and the bamboo tips noted for vitamins.

"That's what all the Civil War means. It's a fight for grub. The story goes round that there's been a good crop of rice in Ning Poo. At once three or four armies do a marathon to the place, and the first wan there takes possession. No wondher the fellah that was writin' the histhory of the war is now in a padded cell. He couldn't keep thrack of the armies.

"As for Private Chu, he's broadminded. General Fing or General Ching, it's all the same to him. He goes be the bill of fare. Where the rations are, he is. As a result, wan day a Gineral may be commandin' thirty thousand min. The next day wan batman answers the roll. It's a hell of a war."

"Will they ever give back the concessions?" asked Heddle.

"They may," said Sergeant Murphy, "whin they find some wan to give thim to."

Reality and the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

When Crummles Played. (Lyric, Hammersmith.)
Teatro delle Piccole Maschere. (Scala.)
The Russian Ballet Season. (Princes.)
Shadow of a Gunman. By Sean O'Casey. (Court.)
Riders to the Sea. By J. M. Synge. (Court.)
The Garden of Eden. (Lyric.)

I SOMETIMES wonder whether an interest in the art of the theatre linked with some sort of concern for the welfare of the race does not constitute an insurmountable handicap to dramatic criticism. The doubt assails me with full force when I watch one of the normal type of so-called "comedy" which recurringly occupies the West End stages. I screw my mentality round to try to get it into some sort of focus: is it art; is it life; is it amusement? It so distressingly often is just none of these things, and I am driven back upon the—to me—quite irrelevant question: is it commerce? Many of these comedies settle down for long runs, and I am forced to admit that they amuse my fellows, although they have merely bored me. This truly is some sort of justification for the pieces, however much it may weigh the human intelligence in the balance and find it wanting, or weigh mine and find it singular. To this order belongs the vast company of thrill plays and crook plays, and I am willing to admit that the fault is with me since I cannot be moved to the purchase of extra newspapers by even the most gruesome murder. Story drama, however, can at least hold one's attention during its passage of the stage; but the type of play which purports to show society people disporting themselves, the play which is in danger of going down as the comedy of manners of our time, causes me to see red. If the leisured classes behaved in the West End streets as they are depicted as behaving on the West End stage, a revolution would be distinctly overdue. Happily for social sanity, it is only the dramatists who thus conceive of life as staggering from night club to night club.

The Garden of Eden is so challenging an example of

the species that it has come near to causing a revolt. Perhaps it is that many of us object to the brilliant cast, headed by Miss Tallulah Bankhead, being wasted on this stuff. A résumé of the story reveals it as such nonsense that even by the standards of the stage it fails. Of character, insight to life or manners, it has none; and to neither beauty nor truth does it aspire. If it succeeds, it will be that there are various undressing scenes and a stage attempt at rape. Perhaps it is the fault of a Puritan upbringing that I share Queen Victoria's incapacity for amusement at such exhibitions.

On the positive side, however, this alienation from one phase of the theatre of the time is compensated by the thrill which basic truth or beauty there gives. To watch the Irish Players at the Court Theatre presenting the exquisite poetry of Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, or Mr. Sean O'Casey's *Shadow of a Gunman*, with its compound of tragedy, comedy, poetry and reality; to watch the Russian Ballet in the unerring artifice of *Petroushka*, or the Italian Marionettes in the miniature masterpiece of Donizetti's *The Elixir of Love;* or to spend an evening seeing the Dickensian stage through Mr. Nigel Playfair's eyes: these things are joy. Critical one may be, but it is the criticism of intelligence given something to work upon. One has no need to feel apologetic for one's presence at such an entertainment.

In every instance save, perhaps, Mr. O'Casey's play, there is no pretence of reality outside the reality of art, but there is equally no dismal failure to depict life and character. We are moved to a realm of another kind of reality, and the things which happen do so in accordance with the laws of that sphere. It is, of course, easily possible to fail in that sphere, as it is possible for an artist to succeed in the other. Much of the very best drama is realistic and, tested by the standard of its life-likeness, establishes its claim by that very fact. Our trouble, therefore, is not the failure of naturalistic comedy to be art, but of the mass of the stuff which passes for that form to answer the demands of naturalistic drama. On the other hand, we may often find the theatre of artifice failing, but I confess that to me it seems to fail less ignominiously.

The Italian Marionettes, for example, on the first night at least, lacked a spirit of showmanship, so that whatever enthusiasm we worked up during the separate items became dissipated in the pauses. The Russian Ballet, in these later days, has shifted its spiritual and artistic centre from the traditions and folklore of Russia to the studios of Paris and the ephemera of Monte Carlo, and suffers that curious thinness and anæmia of so much modern French art and music. Love is not blind to these defects and deflections. Nevertheless, the Ballet stands alongside the opera as the pure stuff of art expressed with the perfection of virtuosity. To watch it is to be exalted from the mentality of our everyday existence and to enjoy sensation in a sphere where beauty is the sole criterion. If one grows critical of some of the more recent ballets, it is because we are measuring them against the perfection of the old favourites. The first production of the season, however, *The Cat*, is a masterly ballet. It is almost purely abstract in settings and choreography alike, but it is a thing of beauty, operating in the realm of unalloyed artistry.

A similar principle governs the marionettes. It is pure artifice; an exaggeration of the normal rhythms of life which transports from realism to artistic reality. The amazing manipulation of the puppets forms the background of our pleasure in them, yet this is but a small part of the whole joy we have when we are caught up into their world of puppetry.

It is something, too, of this same spirit of pure artifice which animates Mr. Playfair's Dickensian production at the Lyric at Hammersmith. He has built up from the Crummles passages in *Nicholas Nickleby* a complete vignette of that Victorian *entrepreneur*, and then presented the tragedy of *George Barnwell* in the manner of the period. In aftermath one may wonder whether the presentation is burlesque or true to an outworn pattern, but whichever it may be, it is glorious fun and unfailing entertainment. Mr. Ernest Thesiger proved again his capacity for stylized acting, and Miss Miriam Lewes showed the vamp as Victorian melodrama knew her. By a curiosity of drama, perhaps, these things, too, passed for realism in their day.

Books

LITERARY CRITICISM

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD. By EDITH C. BATHO. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

DOROTHY AND WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. By CATHERINE M. MACLEAN. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

MONOGRAPHS of a reasonable size give a much better impression of men of letters than the usual textbook. They contrive in good hands a mixture of biography and criticism which is always attractive, and they are particularly useful when they vivify for us a minor figure. We do not want a full-length Life of James Hogg, much of whose work is dead; but alike in prose and verse he has done a few lasting things, and his naïve pretensions make him often amusing. Few can enjoy today the high jinks of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which display the Shepherd at length. So Miss Batho's excellent essay, with learning and a bibliography to back it, is a neat and well-planned addition to criticism.

She has not, as some specialists do, overrated the merits of her subject, but holds the balance fairly, with an occasional smile which no student of Hogg can resist. His vagaries are exhibited in Lockhart's Life of Scott, but his own account of Scott, in spite of faults of taste, contains at least one tribute Lockhart might have been glad to incorporate. Much more than Burns, who got some education in youth, he was the simple peasant, and once an author, was convinced of his own superiority, even when he was imitating others or writing painfully stilted English. Vain and jealous, he lacked self-control, but he could behave with cultivated folk better than he did in Scott's drawing-room. His notions of literary honesty were sometimes loose, and the authenticity of the ancient ballads he supplied has been much disputed. Here Miss Batho gives reasons in detail for the view that "Auld Maitland" is really old. Of sources all round she has a wide knowledge, but she should have acknowledged in her preface the help of "Notes and Queries."

MISS MACLEAN has produced nine essays about Wordsworth and his sister. All that she writes about the invaluable and self-sacrificing Dorothy, to whom the poet owed so much of his inspiration, is delightfully done, and if the tribute is sometimes a little extravagant, the world should now recognize Dorothy as a prose writer of the first mark. So just, indeed, was she in her choice of words that William was worried about altering them for his verse. He is known today as anything but the calm and quiet spirit living on Nature which legend has made of him. The Wordsworthians of fifty years since were high and dry, wanting in the free play of human nature. Miss Maclean is not quite successful in her defence of the poet against attackers, but at least she sees that a defence is desirable. V. R.

THE LIGHT READING OF OUR ANCESTORS: CHAPTERS IN THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By THE RIGHT HON. LORD ERNLE. Hutchinson. 15s. net.

THIS book is of a dry, but agreeable, nature, its attraction being provided by thoughtful appreciations of a host of stories in prose or verse, Oriental, Greek, Latin, French, and others, as well as British, regarded by its author as ancestry, direct or collateral, of the English novel. The inclusion of some of them may recall the Chinese imperial custom of granting hereditary honours to men who died in the distant past. Much of the text is, in any case, a running commentary on notable works of imagination from a succession of recognized, if sometimes arbitrary periods, such as the Medieval, Early Tudor, and Later Stuart. Separate chapters are devoted to Petronius, "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius, Fielding and Richardson, also to the slightly overlapping times of Jane Austen and her warm admirer Scott.

Evidence is offered that the controversy as to whether the general influence of novels is good or bad had begun as long ago as 53 B.C., when the Parthian Surena scoffed at the discovery of a volume of "The Tales of Aristides" (of Miletus) in a Roman soldier's wallet. Surena may have been conscious that too great fondness for some of the more "curious" fiction extant in his age was partly responsible for certain defects in his own character.

A rather startling paragraph compares Apuleius with Emily Brontë. It is based on the conviction of the earlier novelist that "mortals are surrounded by hosts of unseen intermediaries, both good and evil."

Some readers may be grieved to find no mention of "Aucassin and Nicolete" in the pages concerned with the fiction of its period, including the work of Benoît de Sainte-More, one of the "ancestors" of authors who assume an appearance of great learning by inventing "references." But that charming tale was very rarely seen in the "light reading" of the English before the days of Walter Pater. We regret to notice that Lord Ernle's book is undated; but it much more than makes up by having a good index, which will secure it a permanent place on the reference shelves of many private libraries.

FICTION

TO THE LIGHTHOUSE. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

IN observation and mastery of prose Mrs. Woolf ranks very high. She could be among our foremost novelists, but she prefers to exploit a theory of writing which leaves her story nowhere, important incidents being summarized in brackets as if they were

a tedious necessity. The lighthouse which provides the title is the aim of a trip by sea which attracts the Ramsay family. It is proposed, put off, and not achieved till the end of the book, when Mrs. Ramsay is dead. Her character is a fine achievement. At fifty, with hollow cheeks and white hair, she is still beautiful, still strangely attractive, and round her revolve various persons, including her husband, a mooning professor blind to ordinary things, and, in spite of his egoism, inspiring pity and gratitude in his wife. She looks after the shabby seaside house and their host of children. The important moments of the book come in obscure, broken hints, attempts to recapture the meaning, which

> for no reason at all, as perhaps they are stepping out of the tube or ringing a doorbell, descends on people, making them symbolical, making them representative . . .

This transcendence of symbols is pictured in a deliberately interrupted style, meant somehow to reproduce it.

MRS. NEWDIGATE'S WINDOW. By C. LENANTON. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

THE firm of Fisher Unwin has been lucky with its novels lately, and this novel is a good find. The window in question is placed above the fireplace in Mrs. Newdigate's drawing-room, and every visitor wonders how the smoke escapes. The best-known window of this kind is in the headmaster's study at Rugby.

Mrs. Newdigate is a thoroughly Victorian character, and we take the adjective as a compliment. She has lost her only child in the war, and devotes herself to the good of two god-daughters. These girls are the feminine equivalents of the idle and industrious apprentices, and the author's sympathies are visibly in favour of the old-fashioned virtues of self-sacrifice, duty, and charity, and against the new school of cocktails, smoking, and dubious morality. We can imagine Miss Lenanton as a dear old maid, living in a country village, tending her flowers and her dogs; she has a keen sense of observation and of humour, and sits quietly in a corner of a drawing-room, watching her neighbours closely, and summing up their characters. She has no great knowledge of men, whom she regards (as do most women) as big, overgrown babies who keep quiet if they are given all they wish. Nor does she know much of London life—and does not want to—though she describes the Chelsea backwater very creditably. But it is the sweet gracious outlook on life of her chief characters that makes this novel stand out far above the ultra-clever super-smart school. The end of the story is hardly as dramatic as we thought it would be, but there are few books we have read with such delight since the publication of "Joseph Vance."

THE CYPRESS CHEST. By GERALD CUMBERLAND. Richards Press. 6s.

THE death of Gerald Cumberland was a real loss to the world of literature. In this posthumous work he has developed in excellent style a mystery story. A gentleman well known as an explorer is confronted with a chest he has bought, which, opened, reveals the corpse of a beautiful young woman. What has happened? Who can be responsible for the crime? In such stories no one, of course, ever puts the disclosure in the hands of the police—that would spoil everything—but, granted this omission, the explorer seems to us a mighty foolish person. Even so, we can take pleasure in his discomfiture and final recovery from the results of his awkward endeavours to solve the mystery and see justice satisfied.

LAUREL AND STRAW. By JAMES S. CHILDERS. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

THIS novel is the first, we think, to give an account of the life of a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. He comes from the mid-West of the United States, and is the son of a meat packer doing big business. The business of learned Oxford is done in a slow way which irritates and surprises him. He rises to proficiency in athletics, is by way of marrying more than one girl, and by desperate work at the last moment duly secures a Third. Mr. Childers keeps his story going with plenty of lively incident, and inculcates the excellent moral of mutual understanding among people vastly different. His details of Oxford life should be instructive on the other side, but we doubt if any donnish dean could be so abrupt and incoherent as the one he has pictured. His college servants are more lifelike.

MEDICINE AND SCIENCE

THE HUMAN BODY (THE SIMPLE GUIDE SERIES). By TREVOR HEATON, M.D. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

DR. HEATON has chosen from the mass of existing knowledge just what will give a brief, yet adequate, outline of the structure and functions of the human body. In some 240 clearly printed pages he shows the marvellous interdependence and co-ordination of its various parts, and the infinite delicacy of their adjustment. The accompanying plates are well produced and never overloaded with detail, containing just what is necessary for the elucidation of the text, and no more. The book, as a whole, is remarkably well-proportioned, no branch of the subject being given undue predominance. Dr. Heaton tells his story in simple, straightforward prose. Moreover, he is fair without being didactic, he never overstates his case, and he has no fads. To have succeeded in recording only what was essential in so

short a compass is an achievement on which he may well be congratulated.

The chapter on the internal secretions (particularly that portion of it dealing with the still imperfectly understood action of the ductless glands) deserves special mention. So also does the final chapter on disease and death, with its sane and broadminded outlook.

The book can be strongly recommended to those unacquainted with biology and medicine, since it avoids unneeded technicalities, and contains many wise hints on the maintenance of health. Nowadays the art of healing aims more and more at the *prevention* of disease, which, if taken in time, can generally be easily effected; the later stages of many maladies tend to become obstinate and even incurable. Indeed, as the author pithily remarks: "The ultimate goal of medicine is its own suicide."

PREHISTORIC MAN (THE SIMPLE GUIDE SERIES). By KEITH HENDERSON. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

AFTER "a page on geology" and a useful table showing the relations between the geological ages, palæontology, and prehistoric man, Mr. Henderson deals in barest outline with the history of life up to the Eocene Period. A slight error may here be noted; he speaks of the cretaceous reptiles as "more huge than any creatures before or since," but experts regard the whales of today as the largest animals that have ever existed. He then passes to those lemur-like creatures from which the two higher branches of the mammals—mankind and the apes—are believed to have sprung. In the following chapters he sketches the slow development of that delicate tactile sense (with the concurrent increase in size and complexity of the brain) which distinguishes men and monkeys from all other living beings, and marks the most interesting phase in the long process of evolution. The skulls of existing apes and monkeys are compared with the fossil remains of the later Tertiary and early Pleistocene Ages, which suggest the gradual emergence of intermediate ape-man-like forms in various parts of the world. From the beginning of the Palæolithic Age (roughly 200,000 B.C.) the discoveries of flint and stone implements afford evidence of man's steadily increasing dexterity and intelligence over a vast period of time; while towards its close he has already achieved a remarkable artistic skill. Indeed, his representations on bone and ivory of reindeer and other animals (especially in the Magdalenian Age, *circa* 13,000 B.C.) are amazingly vigorous and beautiful. Thereafter Palæolithic is succeeded by Neolithic man, who grinds and polishes his weapons, becomes a herdsman and a husbandman,

domesticates the dog, and slowly develops the art of building. He, in turn, is followed by the men of the Bronze and Iron Ages, who belong, perhaps, more properly to the dawn of true history, although the author has something to tell us about them both. We thus can follow the steady growth, both in accuracy and complexity, of human handiwork; but there are, unfortunately, many gaps in our knowledge of prehistoric man himself. The things he fashioned were far more lasting than his own body, so that we know much more of what was *made* than of the makers. It cannot be said, even approximately, when his ancestors, and those of the apes, branched from the common stock, since the evidence afforded by the skulls and bones of ape-men and prehistoric man is meagre and difficult to interpret. There appears to be a similarity between Pithecanthropus of Java and the curious Mousterians of later Palæolithic times, whose disappearance, like that of the Magdalenians and the Predmost folk of the Danube, is still imperfectly explained, while the Piltdown skull suggests a nearer kinship with modern man. But about these and many other problems the best authorities by no means always agree.

In the face of these difficulties Mr. Henderson has succeeded in producing an interesting and readable book. He is clearly in love with his subject, which did not need his popular, even jaunty, style to commend it. The text is divided into some thirty-nine unnumbered chapters, clearly printed, and excellently illustrated. An index and a useful bibliography are added.

EDUCATION

THE MECHANISM OF THE MODERN STATE. By SIR JOHN A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 42s.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT is well known as a former history don at Worcester College, Oxford, and this book will have to be studied by all candidates for administrative posts in the Civil Service, both for the general knowledge paper and for the more special subjects of political science and political theory. Especially will it be studied by Parliamentary draughtsmen, for then they will know the difference between the words "Government," "State," "Country," and "Nation," and the mistakes made in the recent Trades Union Bill will occur no more.

Sir John shows by an exhaustive analysis the practical working of the English constitution and, by reference to the constitutions of other countries, the present practice of the machinery of politics. Starting with the Aristotelian ideal of the city-state, he describes the nation-states of the Middle Ages and the complex organisms of federal and unitary states of today. Then he

proceeds to analyse some typical democracies from a slightly different angle than that of Bryce. He deals, not only with the British Government, but also with its influence on the self-governing colonies. In doing this he brings the arguments of Dicey and other legal writers up to date. When he comes to the executive, he explains very thoroughly the difference between the American practice and our own, which, during the war, approximated more closely to the presidential form. The question of the Cabinet secretariat and its rivalry with the permanent Civil Service is carefully considered. The judiciary has several chapters, and the essential differences between the French system and our own are clearly brought out. The former is permeated by logic and administrative law, while the English, though less logical, provides practical remedies for present grievances.

Having surveyed the whole mechanism of the State, Sir John draws certain conclusions. He suggests that the only practicable alternatives to Parliamentary democracy are the presidential system or the referendum. The restoration of the party Cabinet in 1919 stopped a leaning towards the former, and the Trades Union Bill will probably check a tendency towards the latter.

This work will undoubtedly become the regular textbook on the subject, useful to the historian, the constitutional lawyer, and the practical politician alike. It lacks the literary graces of Maitland and Bryce, but it is studiously impartial and as clear as such a discussion can be.

SELECTIONS FROM MARCEL PROUST. With Introduction and Notes by DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE and a Glossary. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d.

IT is a good idea to give students a chance of appreciating foreign writers of today. Proust, the "novelists' novelist," might in some of his chapters surprise the respectable, but Mr. Payen-Payne's experience in teaching guarantees the suitability of the extracts printed here. They are charming and show how keenly a delicate child could observe and understand the ways of his elders. The telephone over which he hears his grandmother becomes an instrument of romance, and the cries of the street-vendors of Paris, so much livelier than our own, take on a lyrical semblance.

The notes explain points of idiom likely to be misunderstood. The introduction is just what it should be, and emboldens us to complain of Proust's long, trailing sentences, a style which survives over here only in tediously official English.

HISTORY AND MEMOIR

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. By E. F. BENSON (Golden Hind Series). Lane. 12s. 6d.

ANYONE who, on opening his book on Drake, should be disposed to ask superciliously whether Mr. Benson is also among the biographers, will change his tune after reading a very few pages. The novelist has not only entered into the spirit of his subject, and written a breezy narrative of daring deeds, but has grappled with it in the true critical spirit. He not only makes hay of Froude, but successfully tackles serious naval historians. He has reinforced his reading of the old authorities with the outcome of recent research and given us a book which should appeal to every class of reader.

At the outset he makes a manful attempt to fix the date of his hero's birth and to disentangle the obscurities of his early years. Next we find Drake making his first acquaintance with the sea on a small trading barque and taking part in two disastrous voyages to the Indies as a subordinate. But the fourth chapters takes us *in medias res*, with the young mariner, now on his own account, beginning a private war with King Philip of Spain, and expeditions to the Spanish-American treasure-land, of which Mr. Benson writes that "no book of skylarking schoolboy adventure comes anywhere near, in the matter of romance, to its authentic history." The forming of a hidden base on the Isthmus of Panama, the raid on Nombre de Dios, and the foundation of a good understanding with the native Limaroons, the capture of treasure-trains from Peru, and the first sight of the Pacific, were the indispensable preliminaries of the Great Voyage of Circumnavigation and the Indies Voyage of 1585, which were on larger lines and semi-national in their scope. Drake became a legend in his lifetime, both in England and in Spain. His biographer does not disguise the fact that his exploits were a medley of piracy and piety, but protests that he was neither fanatic nor hypocrite. He genuinely believed in God in his own fashion and that Spain was to be attacked both on public and private grounds. Though he was humane to prisoners, he did not always spare churches, and was not primarily inspired by Protestant enthusiasm.

Two chapters are devoted to the Armada, in the fight with which Drake was the virtual, though not nominal, commander. Mr. Benson pours scorn upon the story of his hero finishing his game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe, pointing out that time was of the essence of the matter. After the comparative failure of the Portugal Expedition, he sees signs of a decline in Drake's vitality, and though he recovered the Queen's favour, he was destined

to fail in the next expedition in which both he and Sir John Hawkins met their deaths. From Mr. Benson's narrative we gather that he was a genius at improvisation, a strict disciplinarian, a staunch and genial commander, but vain as a peacock and intolerant of opposition.

In the Cadiz Expedition the case of William Borough against him was much stronger than the author allows, and the authorities acquitted the alleged mutinous captain, who took part in the subsequent Armada struggle. Though unrivalled as a leader, Drake was, as is allowed, "ill to work with," and "deaf to advice." He was probably more fitted to be a guerrilla chief than the commander of a fleet, though there can be little doubt that his conception of the way to combat Spain was the right one in the main.

LETTERS OF LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY: A YOUNG LADY AT COURT, 1849–1863. Edited by the DEAN OF WINDSOR AND HECTOR BOLITHO. Gerald Howe. 18s.

THE Dean of Windsor, a nephew of Lady Augusta, writes a good preface to this volume, which shows the letter-writer's close association first with the Duchess of Kent and later with Queen Victoria. The letters stop at the time when the marriage with Stanley provided a larger sphere of usefulness outside the Court, though all the Royal Family continued to be close intimates. Lady Augusta was, we do not doubt, exceptionally bright, the most unselfish of confidants and tactful of advisers. But we think Mr. Bolitho must have cut out a good deal of interest which might have seen the light at this date. The first impression we get is one of intense sentimentality. The young Queen with her growing family and her adored husband was much more attractive than the previous holders of the throne, but the amusing incidents of the Court, apart from the spirit and originality of the Princess Beatrice, have not got into this volume. It has not the sparkle of Fanny Burney's royal gossip. On the first page are "sailors' dresses *more than lovely*," the "delicious baby . . . a delight and a beautiful creature," and all "quite smart." At Barrow Abbey "a rapid brook runs through the grounds, and must in former days have blended its voice with the swelling sounds of the organ, and joined in the hymn of praise." A page or two farther on we come on "*very nice*," "very nice," "most nicely," within a few lines. This adjective gets overpowering as we proceed, but putting aside the sentimental fashion of the day, we find real charm in this intimate record of the Court, and Lady Augusta's unselfish kindness shines out everywhere. She was invaluable to the Queen in the worst days of trial. Her humour was, perhaps, repressed

by her sense of the great folks she was with. Evidently she had an eye for oddities. Thus, at Cramond, she notes the comment of an old woman that

> the Queen maun be a rale fine wummun, I hae often said to my neebors, the Queen maun be a good wummun, for the tea and sugar's aye been cheap sin she came on; afore her time it used to be 7s. the lb.

The various negotiations concerning Lady Augusta's marriage seem almost Machiavellian compared with the open simplicity of the volume in general.

GENERAL

MUSIC: CLASSICAL, ROMANTIC AND MODERN. By EAGLEFIELD HULL. Dent. 10s. 6d.

THIS is an excellent book, full of knowledge and technical information clearly set forth. Dr. Hull has a catholic taste and finds something to say for musicians of all schools. He corrects misconceptions and objects to easy depreciations, e.g. of Elgar. The reader will find his notes on the latest schools of particular interest. Since the decay of the Romanticists a "non-representational" music has come into vogue which is as obscure in its beauty as the *vers libre* of today. The Philistine seems to detect in these composers imitations of an air-raid, but not much tune. Not many of them give the impression, like Ravel, of perfect finish, or get near producing a well-sounding quartet. Here Dr. Hull has many good words for these moderns. Scriabin is described as "the most remarkable spiritual phenomenon in all music." That is, perhaps, a possible point of view, but we do not see how the French "Six" can be credited with building up a kind of modern *classic* art, though the writer adds that some would call it "mock classic." None of the uses of the word "classic" known to us appears to be applicable yet to MM. Honegger, Milhaud and Co.

The author warns us about foreign ideas of English music. Thus the French "invariably parade utter nonsense as history directly (and only) when they touch the subject of musical history in England." We, on the contrary, are apt to pay too much attention to foreigners and underrate our own native musicians. The revival of folk-song is remarkable, and this source of inspiration is seen markedly in Mr. Vaughan Williams, who is called after Mussorgsky, "the greatest master of the common chord who ever lived." Our composers seem at last to be freeing themselves from the influence of Wagner and resuming the British musical traditions, on which the author has an impressive chapter. We are sorry to find him writing of the "Britisher," as this odious word is already discredited in the land of its origin.

BOOKS

CHINA

THE REVOLT OF ASIA. By JOSEF WASHINGTON HALL ("UPTON CLOSE"). Putnams. 10s. 6d.
CHINA IN REVOLT. By T'ANG LEANG-LI. Noel Douglas. 7s. 6d.
CHINA, THE FACTS. By LIEUT.-COLONEL ETHERTON. Benn. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by J. O. P. Bland

MR. T'ANG'S book is an interesting example of the purposes and methods of the Cantonese propagandists and a complete travesty of all the central facts of the situation; it is deserving of attention only in so far as it serves to demonstrate cause and effect—the effect of Western education injudiciously applied to the Oriental mind, and the skill with which Young China's publicists make use of the support afforded to them by the Radical and disruptive elements in British politics. Such works on China as those recently produced by Colonel Malone (emissary of the Independent Labour Party) and by Mr. Josef Hall ("Upton Close"), combined with the influence in educational circles of pure theorists, such as Professor Dewey and the Hon. Bertrand Russell, are sufficient in themselves to account for the violent truculence displayed by the Cantonese intelligentsia, and possibly for their complete indifference to facts.

"Upton Close's" work is that of a free-and-easy, adventurous journalist who, even though he be a "lecturer on Pacific Asian life and politics" at the University of Washington, can lay no valid claim to serious study of the subject. He combines a breezy, genial sympathy with Chinese Nationalism with a profound belief in America as "the spokesman of Western civilization and the vanguard of the white peoples in their front against a revivified Asia." The result is apt to be somewhat confusing at times; for example, when he observes that "no American believes that we would have allowed ourselves to be whipped out of Hankow, as were the British." But his book is frankly that of a wandering reporter, writing for an age "which not only demands its news in tabloids, but its opinions in three-line editorials." They get them.

In the preface written for Mr. T'ang's book, Mr. Russell observes that "recent events in China have shown the extraordinary extent to which our Foreign Office has been misled as to the present state of public opinion in that country." This is true enough, inasmuch as the "F.O. school of thought" and its unfortunate policy have, until quite recently, been inspired by Utopian visions and adventures in Liberalism not unlike those advocated by Mr. Russell himself. Intent on carrying on this good work, he is now pleased to ascribe the present condition of affairs in China to the British Government's refusal to make concessions until too late, "to the just indignation of the Chinese in the matter of the Shanghai massacre [*sic*], or to abate in any degree the unscrupulous hostility displayed by Hongkong towards

Canton." He describes the activities of the Nationalists as a movement of indignation provoked by the "injustice and brutality" of our treatment of the Chinese, and, with that lively faith which enables him to believe things which are palpably untrue, he predicts the end of China's weakness and her ability to insist on being treated as an equal. *Ex pede Herculem.* With a prelude in this strain it is not surprising that Mr. T'ang's book should be pitched in a shrill key of defiance and extravagant boasting. In his opinion all the evils from which his country is suffering are things of recent growth, attributable either to the industrial conditions introduced by foreigners, or to the "pretensions of the Christian missionary and the experiments of the international financier." Without these disturbing elements the state of China would be, as in the past, one of "general contentment and calm." He regards Confucianism (as opposed to Christianity) as "instrumental in the creation of that Utopian social system which is called 'China in Peace'"; and so on. This being so, there is nothing to surprise us in his description of the New China, "fully conscious of her legitimate aspirations and responsibilities as a nation and insisting upon her rebirth being registered in the roll of sovereign and independent nations." Of the widespread corruption, disloyalty, and plunder-lust which prevent China from establishing anything in the nature of a stable and civilized Government he makes no mention. On the contrary, the Nationalists, by which term he means the Cantonese faction, are "about to liberate the whole of China. The Continent-nation will then be unified under the leadership of those who have shown themselves to be the only people in China capable of governing efficiently for the benefit of the masses. For the Kuomintang has succeeded within a year or two in making Canton a model city and Kuangtung a model province." The part which the Bolsheviks have played in creating this Utopia is lightly dismissed. He asserts that such "expert Russian assistance" as the Cantonese have employed is not concerned with matters of policy; "they are simply there to carry out the wishes of the Nationalists." Mr. T'ang, be it observed, is a graduate of London University, and therefore an instructive example of our well-meant but costly attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable.

After all this hot air, Colonel Etherton's dispassionate survey of things as they are is refreshing. It is a careful and fairly complete collection of the essential facts, compiled by a fully qualified and sympathetic observer. His experiences as Consul-General for Chinese Turkestan, and later as Assistant Judge at Shanghai, entitle him to express valuable opinions on the causes and results of the dominant elements in the situation. But whether because of his modesty, or habits of diplomatic reticence, the few conclusions which he draws from his facts are too cautious and conditional to be very helpful to the uninitiated.

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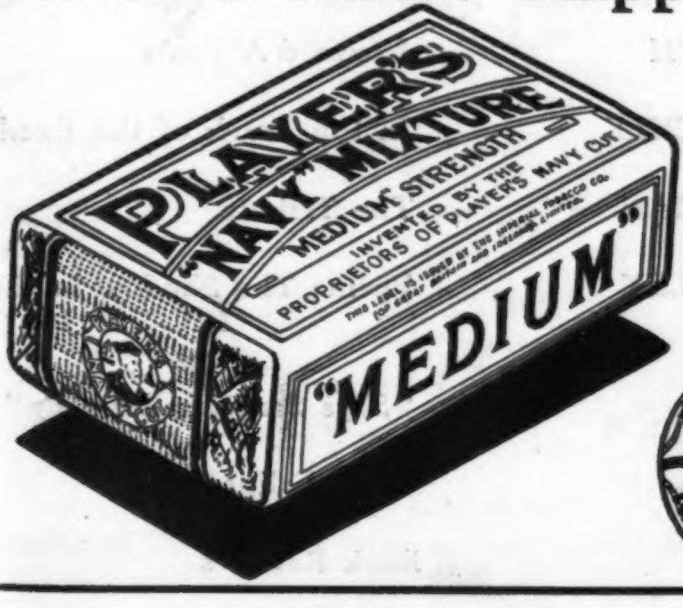

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